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University of Glasgow, October, 1913.

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Notes of the Week

A GOVERNMENT in difficulties is obliged to have recourse to strange shifts. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, following his usual course of irresponsibility, is careering round the country talking nonsense about the nations "ceasing from murder." Mr. Churchill, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, has emphasised the necessity for largely increased estimates in the coming session for warlike services. We have no doubt that Mr. Churchill will be triumphant, and that the foolish Chancellor who trusted to luck for a financial equilibrium will have to find funds on a falling revenue for largely increased expenditure for war services. The condition of Europe is distinctly volcanic, and no one realises this better than the Prime Minister. A lesser incident than that which occurred within a few days in Alsace has brought about international carnage. The pheasants must be left alone; the palatial buildings for the slum-dwellers must be left alone. There is men's work to do, and the top dog and the bottom dog have got to join in doing it.

Having recently rebuked the *Times* for bad editing, a proceeding which has resulted in a remarkable *volte face* in the attitude of that newspaper within the last week or two, we should like now to call attention to the extraordinary attitude of the *Yorkshire Telegraph and Star*, which is the evening edition of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, in consistently giving undue prominence to correspondence of a Socialistic character, usually without editorial dissent. In the days of Sir John Leng, when the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* morning and evening editions were considerable Conservative assets, such editing would have been impossible; but, as we had occasion to remark in the case of the *Times*, where commercialism and good editing are in conflict the former usually is the victor.

Whilst referring to Sheffield, we should like to make a comment upon the diverse action of alternate Lord

Mayors. When Earl Fitzwilliam was Lord Mayor of Sheffield, he cheerfully extended a reception to the members of the Trades Union Congress who visited the city during his mayoralty. The succeeding Lord Mayor has seen fit to refuse a reception to the members of a non-Union federation. We think there is only one solution of the enigma. Lord Fitzwilliam is a Unionist, and, like most Unionists, is conscious of the dictates of duty and propriety; the other Lord Mayor is a Radical, and further comment is unnecessary.

From time to time we have commented upon the spoiling of the scenery along our main roads and railway routes by huge erections of painted wood or metal drawing the attention of the public to the benefits of certain commodities. It may not be generally known that a society exists which has for its special object the suppression of objectionable advertisements—the Scapa Society "for Prevention of Disfigurement in Town and Country." Its principles have found practical recognition this year by the decision of one of the great tyre companies to abandon the practice of roadside advertising and to proceed with the removal of its boards; we believe, too, that the efforts of the Scapa Society were responsible to some extent for a bye-law passed in 1911 by the County Council of Hampshire. This consists of a single clause: "No advertisement shall be exhibited on any hoarding, stand, or other erection visible from any public highway (whether carriageway, bridleway, or footway) and so placed as to disfigure the natural beauty of the landscape." A Surrey bye-law goes still further, by including erections visible from railways or open water. The pleasure of a great many people who prefer their views from train, boat, or motor-car to be unadulterated with ugly, distorted animals from the carpenter's workshop or enthusiastic recommendations to purchase biscuits or milk, will be enhanced if the enthusiastic advertiser can be restrained from pressing fields and hedgerows into his service.

Dorsetshire must really not lose its head; there are other counties. The Secretary of the Society of Dorset Men in London, speaking this week at what we presume was the annual gathering, claimed that the county, for its size, had produced more eminent men than any other. He mentioned Sir Frederick Treves, "the surgeon," and Mr. Thomas Hardy, "the novelist and poet"—these details perhaps were necessary; and proceeded: "The draper's assistant from Dorset became the manager or partner; the Dorset working man became the foreman in the city; broad Dorset men were administrative heads of Government, of ports and harbours." Steady, Dorset! We give the palm to Mr. Hardy, to Sir Frederick Treves, to Sir Stephen Collins, M.P., the new Secretary of the Society of Dorset Men in London; but, as we hinted—there are others!

Hollander and Mollentrave on Woman

WE had the pleasure and the privilege of being invited to hear Dr. Bernard Hollander discourse on "Woman, Love, and the Vote" on November 5. Notwithstanding the inauspicious date, and the presence of many easily recognisable militants, and in spite of the generally hostile attitude adopted towards their objects, their manners, and their methods, no explosion occurred. On alighting from our six-cylinder taxi-cab, we were at once offered a copy of the *Suffragette*, which, with a more or less graceful bow, we declined to purchase, with the remark that the proffered article of commerce was not one which any decent man could keep company with.

As Dr. Hollander was discoursing in pleasant and incisive style, it stole upon our memory that all the leading cases dealing with the mentality of woman had been collected in the standard work known as "Mollentrave on Women." Mollentrave shall speak for himself: "I was an observer from boyhood. Like Dante, I fell in love at the age of nine. Unlike Dante, I made notes. In the interest of my self-imposed study, I married three times. In short, you will find between these covers a most careful, complete investigation on scientific principles, of the baffling, perplexing creature known to us as Woman."

Whilst Dr. Hollander only professed to deal in the main with the idiosyncrasies of eccentric if not abnormal women, Mollentrave, of Sutro's diverting comedy, in his pandect analyses, if, indeed, he does not dissect, the whole of woman's mental and emotional equipment. "It is a guide, a handbook, a Baedeker. It conducts you personally to the most hidden recesses of the feminine heart, opens every door, strips every cupboard." The comedy is excellent fooling, containing many truths of price for the digestion of woman's immemorial prey. If we do not quite agree that no man should allow himself to be lured to the altar until he has mastered his Mollentrave, we are inclined to assent to the dictum that, if such were the marrying man's invariable practice, there would be "cobwebs in the Divorce Court."

Consider for a moment the predicament of the artless man who believed that the bride who had chosen him would practise all the virtues of the ideal hausfrau, when he discovers that he is in reality under the yoke of a woman who holds all such old-fashioned notions in abhorrence and who divides her time between tobacco and the plinth of Nelson's column!

Then in one moment, she put forth the charm
Of woven faces and of waving hands
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

In the books of Greek and Roman satirists, in the history of the Roman and Byzantine Empires, indeed in all history, and in much fiction founded upon history, the undesirable woman is constantly pictured, but the picture is frequently relieved by the presentment of women who cherished the conception of their mission as "all for love, or the world well lost." It was as a plea for the victory of the latter tenet that Dr. Hollander framed his brilliant discourse. As a medical man he did not scruple to emphasise the danger to the individual woman, mentally and physically, of indulging ambitions and having recourse to methods each of which is alien to the whole purpose of her existence, and a blot upon her fidelity to her mission. In January last we wrote:—

Anything which tends to disparage woman's sense of her high mission, involving the necessity of healthy living and healthy thinking is a disastrous evil. There can hardly be a worse enemy to woman's welfare than over-excitement and overstrain. Nervous breakdown, tormenting illness, and shortened lives are directly referable to such causes.

We are indeed glad to know upon Dr. Hollander's authority that we did not overstate the case.

After shadow should come the light, so we return for a moment to our friend Mollentrave, who is responsible for this profound aphorism: "To kindle the flame of love in the feminine bosom;"—I quote, said Mollentrave, from the fifteenth chapter of my book—"the third party should vehemently and persistently denounce the person whom he desires to see enthroned." The same idea can easily be recalled in the pages of our favourite literature—whether poetry or prose. It is rather charming, because it is so essentially feminine, and everything that belongs to true femininity must charm the man who has any imagination and any soul. Window smashers and racecourse destroyers at £3 a week cannot charm any decent man, because they are not true women.

Dr. Hollander denounced such freaks—or worse—in the face of their sympathisers, who were mostly overstrung and hysterical women. The revolt of woman is nothing new. Aristophanes satirised it. The fault now, however, is that the methods adopted are vulgarly criminal, and are indicative of mental aberration, which quite clearly disproves fitness for the object aimed at.

CECIL COWPER.

Editing versus Advertising

BY ALFRED BERLYN.

IN THE ACADEMY of October 4 appeared the following sentence: "Newspapers whose only thoughts are directed to advertisements and circulation cannot be expected to be well edited." In these cynical and censorious days, when "virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes," and the professor of a rigid morality is generally regarded with the dull eye of distrust, it is especially gratifying to find one of our most respectable institutions vindicating itself with indignant emphasis from an unworthy but, until now, widely prevalent suspicion. Somehow or other there had undoubtedly entered into the public mind a vague idea that newspapers were tending to fall victims to the seductions of a commercial age, and to let their once-cherished virtue of editorial independence be undermined by the blandishments of the importunate advertiser.

How such a notion originated and obtained credence it is not necessary to inquire; but for those who hitherto accepted it there has been quite a shock of surprise in the recent experience of a too-enterprising news agency, which attempted to plunge into the advertisement business with a rash undertaking to "work" the editorial columns of the Press in the commercial interests of its possible clients. It will be a long time before we are able to forget the tornado of outraged journalistic virtue by which the offending agency found itself overwhelmed. The bare suggestion that anything in the nature of advertisement had ever been, or ever could be, allowed to stray beyond the bounds of the regular advertising columns of any self-respecting newspaper was scouted with vehement indignation. Who, after this, could possibly continue to suspect the wily advertiser, even in days like these, of power to lay successful siege to a fortress held by such redoubtable and zealous defenders?

To be thus indirectly assured, on first-hand authority, that our newspapers, in spite of all temptations, continue to offer an invincible resistance to the insidious arts of puffery is the more delightful when we realise—of course by a strong effort of imagination—the nature and extent of the abuses to which their readers would otherwise be exposed. But for their self-denying virtue, it might be quite an every-day experience, for example, to come upon articles or paragraphs warmly commending certain specified wares, or the speciality of some particular firm, for no more reputable reason than that the proprietors of the goods in question had taken, or promised to take, advertising space in the papers in which these encomiums appeared. As it is, we have the satisfying assurance that when we meet with such recommendations, they express the honest and disinterested opinion of the journal in which they are printed, and that if—as is sometimes the case—the advertisement of the recommended goods happens to be found in another part of the same issue,

the thing is a pure coincidence, to which no sort of significance can fairly be attached. Again, but for the inflexible attitude which, as we now know, is maintained with regard to these matters, we might see editorial columns opened to the surreptitious praise of speculative enterprises whose promoters were prepared to pay an adequate price for such valuable assistance. And in such circumstances it would obviously be impossible for the public to continue to repose that simple trust in their newspaper advisers which, we are to believe, is so fully justified under the happy conditions that actually obtain.

But it is by no means in relation to matters of commerce and finance alone that any deviation from this prevailing standard of editorial purity would be regrettable. Supposing it to be relaxed, we might even see the preferential treatment of authors, artists, players and others who were fortunate enough to have "friends at court" in critical coteries or in editorial sanctums. It might happen, too, that "shows" of various kinds whose business managers took large views in the matter of advertisement would secure, independently of any question of their merits, the maximum amount of newspaper publicity, while others of equal or greater artistic value, whose conductors had a more modest conception of their advertising requirements, would be condemned to the penalty of comparative neglect. For that matter, the more or less complete exclusion of non-advertisers from the benefits of Press assistance could be habitually practised, leaving the victims the choice of either suffering from the resulting handicap or of removing it by the only available means. It may seem extravagant, in existing circumstances, to contemplate the mere possibility of such reprehensible devices; but to recognise what could, and doubtless would, be done under less immaculate newspaper managements is surely the best way to appreciate, by force of contrast, the virtues of those with which we have the good fortune to be blessed.

Moreover, we have to remember with becoming gratitude that the fine scrupulousness, of which we have just had such an impressive example in the snubbing of the over-enterprising news agency, seems to offer a guarantee of immunity from abuses and corruptions in relation to wider affairs than those of business or of art. If our newspaper ethics were less unimpeachable than we now know them to be, it might even be possible at times for important news to be manipulated, or garbled, or suppressed from interested motives, and for policies to be advocated, or opposed, or changed, with less solicitude for the welfare of the country than for the ambitions of some aspiring proprietor, anxious to ingratiate himself with statesmen possessing, or expecting in future to possess, the power of dealing with the purest fountain—the "fountain of honour." It is surely no small thing to be able to draw from recent protestations the inference that, under the present exemplary conditions, such things as these do not and cannot happen.

REVIEWS

"How it's done"

The Reporters' Gallery. By MICHAEL MACDONAGH.
(Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. net.)

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

THERE is no doubt that the time will come when all speeches will be taken down automatically by means of a machine, already invented, which will repeat them like a gramophone. Instead of the men in the Reporters' Gallery, we shall see large silver-plated mouths like trombones peeping over the edge and taking in all we say. The machine will play a kind of piano or typewriter in the rooms behind, which will work one of Joe Lawrence's linotypes, and long columns of stereo will run through pneumatic tubes to the various newspaper offices—to be chopped up by sub-editors. The only doubt that assails me is: Will anyone have the patience to read the result of so much ingenuity? I trow not; for the best speeches, without the cutting and polishing of the reporter, would be unreadable.

This will be before the days when men will have forgotten how to speak, as they are now forgetting their handwriting; for the day will come when men will flash their thoughts at one another without the trouble of speaking. It will mean the end of our great House of Palaver. To the future historian, then, this entertaining and informative book will be a delight, because it tells of how the people heard with difficulty what was going on in Parliament in the past, and how they hear it to-day; in fact, it is a careful, detailed history of the evolution of the Parliamentary reporter and his descendants, the Lobby man and the sketch writer.

I, who learnt shorthand as a young man, laboriously—for it was foreign to the bent of my mind—gaining a certificate for writing an incredible number of words per minute—have the greatest reverence for the reporters, but naturally I know more about the Lobby men. Those mysterious gentlemen are objects of interest to visitors and new members; to know them is a liberal education. They know so much; they are so tactful, and bear with fools gladly. Many a politician and statesman has had a hint from a Lobby man that has been of the utmost use to him. I recall in this connection the late Mr. Pitt, of the *Times*, who is here described as "a voracious listener"—he could listen in such a way as to get other men to talk. I am proud of the friendships of serious and sagacious John Martin, that staunch Devonian who is one of the bulwarks of the *Daily Telegraph*; Alfred Robbins, of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, who, I verily believe, could tell you at a moment's notice something interesting about everyone who has ever been in Parliament since it was founded in 1200; and the active-minded Emery, of the *Morning Post*. These men are

never heard of, but, whilst merely recording, they exercise an undefined but decided influence on events by the way they collect information and disseminate it. Believe me—"they also serve (the State) who only stand and wait" (in the Lobby).

"I have heard rumours of a dissolution of the House of Commons," said Sir William Harcourt, in 1891. "It is one of those silly things which are buzzed about by bluebottles in the Lobby—you will hear more nonsense in the House of Commons Lobby in one hour than anywhere else in a month." This is absolutely true of members and reporters. I always say the House of Commons is worse than a girls' school for gossip. I remember once, to test this, deliberately starting a *canard* by telling it as a profound secret to a friend in the Lobby. When I came round half an hour afterwards, I was told my own story, but in such a garbled form that I recognised it with difficulty; it was exactly like the children's game of "Whispering in a circle."

Mr. Macdonagh is rapidly becoming the historian of Parliament. He has already written two excellent books on the subject, and to some this will be more entertaining than either of the others. It recounts so much that few people know. It tells not only of the evolution of the Reporters' Gallery, but goes back to those dark days when it was a crime to print or publish anything concerning what happened in the House of Commons. It also deals minutely with the life of Parliamentary journalists of to-day, and with the difficulties under which they have to work even now. I remember the curious thrill of interest that passed through me the first time I went behind the scenes and saw the Press man at work. Separated by a wall in which there are two or three unobtrusive entrances, the other side is quite different. On the House side there is a leisured calm; once through the door, and you come upon a hive of industry—boys tearing up and down the narrow staircases, tape machines clicking, and men writing, writing everywhere for dear life. You go into rooms that have a used appearance. Here men sit in particular corners for years turning out "copy" at headlong speed, so that we may know what is going on over our breakfast tables.

The gallery is full of a large number of very able men; indeed, I know of few communities where the average ability is so high. Some of them are far cleverer and better educated than the men they report, and sometimes must find it difficult to conceal their contempt. Their memory for sequence in past events and crises is amazing; many of them could put the whole House of Commons in order of merit and ability.

Members are much indebted to the reporters. Whilst being absolutely accurate, they clean up the sloppy, unfinished sentence, sometimes improve the grammar, and leave out all the "ums" and "ahs" and "I mean to say." I recollect the *Star* man once in a fit of malice reported a nervous, hesitating member absolutely verbatim. It was a cruel performance, but it showed how men speak.

No one is more careless—or shall I say careful?—than Mr. Balfour. When the Labour men and the new Radicals came into the House in 1906, they listened to his speeches with amazement and derision. He goes over a sentence and repeats himself not once or twice but even thrice before he hits upon the exact word to express his shade of meaning; he does it in a leisurely way, as if he did not care tuppence how he spoke. "Is this the great Mr. Balfour? Is this halting, stumbling speaker the late Prime Minister of England?" asked the glib tub-thumpers. They were rude; they jeered and shouted him down, or tried to; but they soon got used to his mannerisms, and now do not notice them. They have learnt to fear, respect, and be fond and proud of him as a great Parliamentarian, even if they differ from his views. They have seen, to use a hackneyed phrase, the rapier-like flash of his repartee, but to-day, if Mr. Balfour were reported verbatim, the reader would scarcely believe he spoke thus; and yet, with it all, he stands head and shoulders over every other debater in the House of Commons.

Mr. Macdonagh deals with all the great reporters of the past. Dr. Johnson wrote the speeches he thought the speakers ought to have made, and "took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it."

An engaging chapter is devoted to Charles Dickens as a reporter, and most of the incidents with which the Gallery was connected are set out in detail, although, curiously enough, he leaves out the last occasion when an editor was brought to the Bar. This was when Sir George Armstrong, the present baronet, was editor of the *Globe*, and Mr. W. T. Madge its pugnacious manager. They were both hauled up for casting aspersions on the honour of the Nationalist Party, and had to apologise for an article which neither of them had seen before it was in print; but, as Mr. Balfour prophesied to me, it was neither a dignified nor a profitable proceeding from the point of view of the House of Commons.

We heartily recommend the book to all M.P.'s, literary men, and diligent readers of newspapers who like to understand "how things get into the papers."

Religion and Science

The Present Relations of Religion and Science. By PROFESSOR T. G. BONNEY, D.Sc., F.R.S. (Robert Scott. 5s. net.)

It is a significant fact that a distinguished President of the British Association should unhesitatingly assert that "the bald and rather blatant atheism, proclaimed in Haeckel's 'Riddle of the Universe,' is losing ground with men of science and in educated circles generally, and now finds its advocates chiefly among the smatterers and the ignorant."

Thus writes Professor Bonney, and his view is upheld by De Tunzelmann, who says that the present atheistic

propaganda among the unimformed and uneducated classes is almost entirely founded on Haeckel's book, while that work is "full of fallacies, at which the man of science only smiles a smile at the author's woful descent from the high position which he had once attained as a scientific worker."

Agnosticism, no less than atheism, now finds fewer adherents among men of science. The position *ignoramus, ignorabimus*, is not one which commends itself to investigators of the universe. In short, the relations between science and religion are changing. Until recently the old hostility was maintained on both sides. Now we are arriving at what the Archbishop of York called "a truce of God," when he preached his famous sermon before the British Association in 1910. On both sides mistakes are being admitted, while rash assumptions and claims are abandoned. Having reviewed the present position of biology, and discussed some recent advances in physical science, Professor Bonney devotes a chapter to general ideas of religion and their developments. Thence we arrive at the more important section of this work, which includes Revelation, Miracles, and the Credibility of Christianity. "If," he says, "theism be true, and if the spiritual evolution of mankind, no less than his physical, be a part of the Creator's design—which, as we have been endeavouring to show, seems suggested by facts—we may expect that there will be revelation in regard to things, for the discovery of which the human senses and intellect are inadequate." This sentence demonstrates Professor Bonney's cautious and reasonable method of inquiry. Proceeding thus, he assumes, as a probable working hypothesis, that God does sometimes and in special cases reveal Himself to mankind, but agrees that, in order to distinguish the true from the false, certain tests must be applied: (1) The character of the messenger; (2) the ethical tendency of the message; (3) its reasonableness—and that when we apply these tests to the Old Testament, we may boldly claim that they show many parts of it to have come from a source which is something more than human."

Hence the trend of development from the Chaldean polytheism to Jewish monotheism points to an inspiration in the truest sense, and leads us to acknowledge that "a process of evolution is manifest in religion no less than in the history of matter and life."

The possibility and place of miracles is a more difficult problem. Here a scientific man may be content to say that "a portent happens, not contrary to nature, but contrary to what we know as nature." Also, it must not be forgotten that "the measure of miracle is really the extent of human knowledge in the place and time at which it occurred." To deny that miracles can ever happen is unscientific. It is unphilosophical, though strictly an anthropomorphic confusion of thought, to say that such terms as natural and supernatural are contradictory. Professor Bonney sums up this position well when he says: "We are thinking, speaking, and describing, in terms derived from one order, about

another to which they are not applicable, and thus are in much the same position as a mathematician would be who was endeavouring to find a solution of a very difficult problem by means of a calculus which was inadequate for that purpose." This passage concludes the examination of the credibility of Christianity, which differs from other religions in that it is founded on history which must be either true or false. Here Professor Bonney parts company with Modernism, which he regards as "a very incomplete and imperfect representative of evolution." The mistake made by advocates of science lies "in the assumption that our present knowledge is the highest that can be attained," and that only in the scientific laboratory can knowledge be verified. But "religion and science will not and cannot dwell together in unity until it is frankly recognised that each has a different province." This recognition may be said to form the real basis of Professor Bonney's judicial and very impartial inquiry into the relations between religion and science.

The Transformation of South Africa

The South African Scene. By V. R. MARKHAM.
(Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

ORIGINALLY the Cape of Good Hope was known as the Cape of Storms. South Africa, from Table Bay to the Zambesi, was a land of storms from the time when the British took over Cape Colony to the signing of the Peace of Vereeniging. May it be regarded to-day as the land of Good Hope? Miss Markham's new book has been written in vain if the answer is not to be in the affirmative. There are many passages in it which, if controversy were desirable, might be challenged; there are many more which are incontrovertible, and the volume as a whole is one of the most thought-compelling ever written on South Africa.

The author approaches the subject with one great advantage. She knew South Africa before the war; she went back to it after union. None is better fitted than she to describe the impressions which the transformation must convey, and it is all to her credit that she keeps a steady control over the partisan sentiments ready on provocation to ooze from her quill. Such restraint in a less gifted writer would mean bald and colourless statements: in Miss Markham it seems only to lend a tense meaning to every word she writes, and the atmosphere of the book is that of a judicial summing up by one who recognises that party prejudice would spell mischief, even treachery, to the new South Africa. That is undoubtedly true, so far as parties in South Africa are concerned, and, as for parties at home, this is not the occasion for reviewing the respective responsibilities resting on Liberal or Tory shoulders. All we will say is, first, that if we may accept all she says as true, the Empire has had a

great escape; and, secondly, that those with a fairly intimate knowledge of South African history, who read Miss Markham's pages, will know how to apportion the blame for some of the Imperial transactions which she calls in question. There is, however, very little history in the book; it is concerned with the present and the future, with the problems which confront the Union, and with what the author has seen and heard.

The travel sketches are wholly delightful. They are the work of one who loves South Africa—"land as dear to some children of her adoption as to her own native-born." She detects progress everywhere on her return, even in Cape Town: "I had left a sleepy, rather untidy Colonial town; I returned to a brisk and energetic city." Miss Markham is the pleasantest of guides to Table Mountain—the idea of a funicular railway as a means of reaching its summit fills her with horror—to Rondebosch and the Motoppos, to Maseru, the Rand, the Victoria Falls, Ladysmith, and the old Dutch Colonial houses scattered through the country of the Van der Stels. Her reflections by the way are illuminating. In Maseru she finds evidence that the Basutos make skilled workmen, and, as she looks upon the quality of native efforts in house-building and other directions, she is seized with rank heresy "as regards the fundamental dogma of South African industrial life—namely, that white men are to do the skilled and black men the unskilled work." The theory opens up a big question for solution by the superior democrat. In Ladysmith, "peaceful, sunny little town, with houses set in gardens bright with flowers," Miss Markham found it difficult to believe that she stood on a site that but a few years before had been the centre of all the horrors and trials inseparable from a long siege. Everywhere she finds graves and monuments which remind the present of the tragedy of the immediate past; Boer and British sepulchres are tended with equal care. "Here rest Brave Burghers"; "Here rest Brave English Soldiers." It is a sacred guardianship, carrying with it a message of hope. "Racial bitterness and political intrigues appear contemptible indeed when confronted with the trenches of Spion Kop." In the same way Miss Markham wonders how people can throw heart and soul into a squabble over bilingualism whilst fine old Dutch houses disappear without a protest before the attacks of jerry-builders. Vandalism and vulgarity make for modern ideas of progress in the Dutch as well as the British settlements in South Africa. It is one of the paradoxes of which the country provides many that "the English are now standing watch and ward over old Dutch houses and are endeavouring to rouse the Dutch to efforts on behalf of ancestral homes."

When she comes to political and racial problems, Miss Markham is frankly astonished that the war should have produced the development of national life and consciousness which she discovers everywhere in South Africa to-day. Outward conditions are trans-

formed almost beyond recognition. "The change is no less striking as regards the inner spirit of men's lives and purposes. That the country should have arrived at unity in any form seems little short of a miracle to all who like myself remember the pre-war conditions—the ugly jostling of Imperial and Republican ideals, the discord, the strife, and intrigue which culminated in a struggle so grim and great." It is a striking picture she gives of the settling down, to work in amity for a common cause, of the men who so recently were at each other's throats in life and death grips. And not the least remarkable evidence she adduces in favour of the new régime is the manner in which General Botha has thrown that arch-priest of racial discord, General Hertzog, overboard. Given loyal acceptance of British supremacy, she is, no doubt, right in saying that "the Union has been consolidated with less friction under Dutch rule than would have been set up by the process under English rule." Dutch prejudices have been given a chance of dying down, notwithstanding that "the whole framework of government in South Africa to-day is English to a degree the Dutch little recognise themselves." That is not a statement to which we should unhesitatingly subscribe, but Miss Markham does not make it without showing good cause for its acceptance, whatever the qualifications that might be brought to bear. There is ground for hope, at least, when we find Dr. Viljoen as Director of Education giving fair play to the English language in the schools of what Miss Markham unwittingly still calls the Free State. Dr. Viljoen is a fine rebuke to General Hertzog, by whom he was appointed.

Well for the future of South Africa will it be if the spirit of Kruger has found its last embodiment in Hertzogism, which General Botha, General Smuts, Dr. Viljoen, and other Dutch leaders and officials no longer recognise. Among the great problems South Africa has to tackle—it is another racial problem—is that of the native. Shall the black be educated, and shall education entitle him to citizen equality with the white? The answer demands statesmanship and humanity of the very highest order, and will not be rendered more difficult if some of the points advanced by Miss Markham are given due weight. Then there is the problem of Rhodesia. The Union cannot be complete whilst Rhodesia remains outside, but Rhodesia, when the time is ripe, will want to know what she is entering. She will have to sacrifice something, and "she has in turn a right to demand from the Union that such a sacrifice should be made for a worthy end." May we say that Rhodesia's entrance of the Union will be the reward of the Union's good behaviour from the British point of view? That South Africa has gone so far already is due to the work of men like Cecil Rhodes and General Botha, Lords Milner and Selborne, Sir Starr Jameson, General Smuts and others, to whom Miss Markham pays her tribute, in passing or at length, in vivid and valuable pages.

Florence Nightingale

The Life of Florence Nightingale. By SIR EDWARD COOK. Two vols. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 30s. net.)

FEW modern biographers possess the gift of omission. It may seem curious to thank Sir Edward Cook on this score when he has given us two large volumes of over five hundred pages in each. But the magnitude of his task will be appreciated from his statement that for fifty years Florence Nightingale "kept everything, even every advertisement, she received," and bequeathed to her cousin, Mr. Henry Bonham Carter, an enormous hoard of papers—the letters and manuscripts of a long life of ninety years. Some may think the biography, even so, too lengthy, but we are bound to say it is full of interest, and never tires the reader's patience, so admirable is the biographer's method, so discriminating his power of selection.

This is the story of a wonderful personality, and of a still more wonderful and lasting work. Florence Nightingale is generally thought of as "the ministering angel" of the Crimean War, expressed in the happy anagram of her name, "Flit on, cheering angel." This is true enough. But "it was as administrator and reformer, more than as angel, that she showed her peculiar powers." As Queen Victoria once remarked, "Such a clear head, I wish we had her at the War Office."

It is difficult to determine the precise influences which led to Miss Nightingale's life work. But so early as 1844, when she was twenty-four years of age, she consulted Dr. Howe, and asked, "If I should determine to study nursing and to devote my life to that profession, do you think it would be a dreadful thing?" That eminent philanthropist replied, "Not a dreadful thing at all—a good thing." This little conversation throws a flood of light on the immense difficulties and opposition, both from her own family and from public opinion, she had to encounter in trying to realise her life work. For then it *was* thought "a dreadful thing" for any lady in her high social position to take up the despised profession of nursing. The complete revolution in public opinion has been entirely due to Florence Nightingale. Her family sent her on foreign travel. But this did not create the hoped-for diversion of her purpose. She used the opportunity to inspect hospitals and other benevolent institutions. She visited Kaiserswerth for the first time, and towards the end of the tour wrote in her diary at Cairo, "O God, Thou puttest it into my heart, this great desire to devote myself to the sick and sorrowful. I offer it to Thee. Do with it what is for Thy service."

Here, indeed, is the transcendent note of her whole most noble life. Here is the purpose, so splendidly fulfilled, in a life of entire consecration to suffering humanity.

In 1851 Miss Nightingale paid a long visit to

Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, below Düsseldorf, where Pastor Fliedner had founded his famous institution for deaconesses. An article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" states that here "she spent six months learning every detail of hospital management with a thoroughness rarely equalled." This statement is singularly inaccurate, except in the sense that she learnt what to avoid. For though the tone was "excellent and admirable" among Fliedner's fifty deaconesses, who worked the various institutions, Miss Nightingale herself wrote: "The nursing was *nil*. The hygiene horrible. The hospital was certainly the worst part of Kaiserswerth. I took all the training there was to be had—there was more to be had in England, but Kaiserswerth was far from having trained me." In fact, she spent only three months there. Two years later she obtained permission through Manning to spend some time with the Sœurs de la Charité in Paris, studying the work at their large orphanage and at various hospitals and infirmaries. So at two institutions, one Protestant, the other Roman Catholic, she found that inspiration of devotion which moved her own life so profoundly, and ultimately the lives of the thousands who followed and still follow in her footsteps.

On her return to London in August, 1853, "Miss Nightingale went into residence in her first situation," that of superintendent of an "establishment for gentlewomen during illness." In this work she began to develop those marvellous powers of authority and administration which were afterwards to astonish Army officers, permanent officials, and Cabinet Ministers. For she had to contend with the prejudices and mismanagement of a "council," a "committee of ladies," and a "committee of gentlemen"! Once she was constrained to write: "From committees, charity, and schism, from philanthropy and all deceits of the devil, good Lord deliver us."

But Florence Nightingale was soon to need a longer litany, greater patience, and a greater struggle. On September 20, 1854, the victory of Alma was won, and the country plunged into the horrors of the Crimean War, of which the greatest was the appalling suffering of the sick and wounded, for whom no provision had been made. Within three weeks England was aroused by the *Times* correspondent, who wrote that no sufficient preparations had been made for the proper care of the wounded. There were not enough surgeons; there were no dressers, no nurses; there was not even linen to make bandages; and "men must die through the medical staff of the British Army having forgotten that old rags are necessary for the dressing of wounds."

Then it was that Florence Nightingale had the great call of her life. Mr. Sidney Herbert (afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea), Minister for War, appealed to her, and within ten days she started for the Crimea with ten Roman Catholic Sisters, eight Anglican Sisters, and twenty nurses. She arrived at Scutari on November 4, and in a few days wrote of thousands

of wounded and four miles of beds, not eighteen inches apart. The story of her splendid work and heroism has been often told. Yet two well-known quotations may be given, one from the description by Mr. Macdonald, of the *Times*, and the other from Longfellow's "Santa Filomena":—

Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form . . . there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen. Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a "ministering angel" without any exaggeration in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her.

When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds.

Lo! in that hour of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room,
And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In her great history of the land
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Miss Nightingale's illness and her return to Scutari and Balaclava after her convalescence raised her popularity in England to its zenith. Meetings were held all over the country to raise some permanent memorial of her work. The Queen presented her with a badge and star of enamel and diamonds. Her fame was celebrated in song and ballad and on cheap rhymed broad-sheets. Every kind of portrait was circulated, like or unlike, even on tradesmen's paper bags and in the form of crude china figures. All this was exceedingly distasteful to the heroine, who wrote, "I do not affect indifference to sympathy, but I have felt painfully the *éclat* which has been given to this adventure."

Sir Edward Cook well points out that Florence Nightingale "deserves to be remembered as the Soldiers' Friend no less than as the Ministering Angel." She established and equipped reading-rooms and class-rooms, games and lectures, and even regular schools. She set up a coffee-house called the "Inkerman Café." "It was out of her experiences in the Crimean War that grew her love for the British soldier, to whose health, care, and comfort, at home and in India, she was to devote many years of her long life." In short, it is not too much to say that the Crimean episode led to the most important part of her life work.

The Red Cross Societies throughout the world are the result of her labours at Scutari. Besides being the promoter of female nursing in time of war, she is rightly considered to be the founder of the whole splendid system of modern nursing. A very large part of this biography is taken up with the account of her indefatigable toil as an invalid in a sick-room in the West End of London. Here for forty years she was busy with a constant and exacting correspondence with national and municipal authorities, "in reforming the sanitary administration of the British Army, in reconstructing hospitals, throughout the world in setting up a sanitary administration in India, and in promoting various other reforms in that country." She succeeded in obtaining a Royal Commission for India, for which she collected much evidence, and her "observations" thereon were embodied in the report. For several years she was in constant communication with the War Office, receiving and answering hundreds of letters. She had frequent interviews with one of the Ministers. In 1862 she wrote to her father that "Lord Palmerston has forced Sir G. Lewis to carry out Mr. Herbert's and my plan for the reorganisation of the War Office *in some measure*." Great though her influence, complete reform was postponed for many a long day. During the American Civil War and the Franco-German War, Miss Nightingale was consulted. She sent reports to Washington. "The French authorities applied to her for plans of temporary field hospitals. The Crown Princess of Prussia applied for assistance and advice." Much might be said of other reforms—in prisons and in workhouses—initiated by Miss Nightingale; much of her friendships, and of her literary work, and of the mystic and spiritual side of her life—she has been compared to Joan of Arc and to St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

But all will be found in Sir Edward Cook's delightful volumes, which may be accounted a masterpiece in biography. To an excellent style is added the charm of sympathy united to a keen insight into character. The result is a fine literary monument which enshrines the immortal memory of the greatest pioneer in the relief of human pain and suffering.

P. A. M. S.

A Gallant American General

James S. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, Brevet Major-General of United States Volunteers. By H. G. PEARSON. (John Murray. 16s. net.)

THE subject of this book was a country gentleman, "an up-State squire," the owner of a fine inherited landed property, Geneseo, in the western portion of the New York State, who interested himself in politics in the 'forties and early imbibed the anti-slavery spirit which animated him through life. Mr. Pearson's account of American politics in the period preceding the Civil War of 1861-5 pre-supposes a greater knowledge than many English readers are likely to possess, and is

therefore somewhat difficult to follow. But the general outcome is that Wadsworth broke with the Democrats and joined the Republicans, associating himself with the Radical wing, though he refused to be a candidate for Republican nomination for the Governorship of New York in 1860. "Ever a fighter," he, when the Civil War commenced on the question of State secession, volunteered for service for the North in the Federal Army, and was offered a commission as Major-General. At the age of fifty-three he was an Aide to the Brigadier-General, and saw much fighting at Bull Run and elsewhere.

His consideration for his men and care for the wounded were equally remarkable. For some months in 1862 he held the appointment of Military Governor of Washington, and in the same year was again nominated for the Governorship of the State of New York, but was defeated—on a wave of reaction against the war. On his return to the Army of the Potomac he was assigned the command of the first Division of the First Corps, and in that capacity was constantly engaged in 1863 before the march to Gettysburg; he was prominent in the great battle of July 1-3 there, in which the Confederate General Lee was defeated. Wadsworth was greatly chagrined at Lee's being allowed to escape; his capture might have terminated the war. Wadsworth's deputation to report on the condition of the coloured troops in the Mississippi Valley, and of the non-military part of the negro population, was an indication of the regard in which his capacity for organisation was held. In 1864 he again received a Divisional command in the Army of the Potomac under Ulysses Grant, in the campaign in which the latter was pitted against Lee, two well-matched antagonists.

Their forces met in the battle of The Wilderness, a wooded area of twelve miles by ten or twelve, traversed by main and cross roads. Both sides made repeated charges and fired at short distances. Wadsworth, mounted, showed the utmost bravery, leading numerous attacks though worn out with fatigue; escape would have been a miracle; he fell, mortally wounded in the head. He was not only a brave, courageous soldier; patriotism, principle, and interest in public affairs impelled him to action; his great qualities of administrative capacity, humanity, loyalty, received the recognition they deserved; he was evidently a lovable man, and worthy of the general admiration accorded to him. Among the illustrations of the book are a statue of Wadsworth to be erected at Gettysburg by the State of New York, and a picture of Fort Wadsworth, at the entrance of New York Harbour. Thus his value has been recognised by the nation he served; thus his name will be perpetuated, when many others which crowd these pages—to an embarrassing degree—will have been forgotten. This record of a great civilian soldier—if the combined description is permissible—in the most strenuous times of his nation's history may well attract attention in England; it will assuredly be welcomed in his own country and treasured by his descendants.

The Scaffolding of Language

The British Empire Universities Modern English Illustrated Dictionary. Chief Editors, EDWARD D. PRICE and H. THURSTON PECK, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D. (The Syndicate Publishing Co. 20s. net.)

THE labour of compiling even an ordinary dictionary is only to be thought of with admiration. Language changes constantly, if slowly; words, if they retain their outward form, often alter their shades of meaning and to keep track of these processes a man must be not only a scholar, but one who mixes with the world and notes subtleties of speech. The aim of the editors and producers of this new work of reference has been to bring it as smartly up to date as is possible—it even bears "1914" on the title-page; in this task they have been assisted by many able contributors whose names are given. Professor Saintsbury, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the Astronomer-Royal, Professor Gollancz—these and several others have helped in the work. As a result, we have, beside the dictionary proper, essays on "The Origin and History of Dictionaries," "The Origin and Development of the English Language," "The Principles of Grammar" (including sections on "Punctuation," "Versification and Prosody," and "Etymology"), "A History of English Spelling," "Great English Writers," and "The Dictionary as an Educational Factor." The final 200 pages contain a "Reference Library" of useful facts—glossaries of terms used in aviation, motoring, cricket, football, golf, and tennis; a list of synonyms and antonyms; the usual lists of names and phrases, and several "extras."

Concerning the dictionary itself, an interesting hour spent in scrutiny will show certain variations from other works of the same description. Comparing it with "Chambers," we find that the names of some fairly familiar rhetorical figures do not appear—"paralogism," "aposiopesis," "parembole"; other omissions are "parergon," "paresis," "Parnellism," "parure," "pom-pom." And surely "Oppidian" is a misprint for "Oppidan"—a student at Eton who is not a foundation; we note that the pronunciation "op-pi-dan," is given correctly. "Veint de paraître" should be "vient de paraître." On the other hand some fresh words appear—"apophyge," "Ibsenism," "kumquat," "kutch"; and of course the special glossaries score heavily in this respect. The definitions are brief, but as a rule adequate; it is a pity, in so full a work, to have neglected derivations.

The illustrations, maps, and diagrams, many of them in colour, are excellent. We are informed that the book is issued at 10s., 15s., and 20s., according to the style of binding. It is certainly a most valuable work of reference which should find a place in the library of every student.

Some Illustrated Issues

Autumn and Winter. By W. BEACH THOMAS and A. K. COLLET. With a Series of Reproductions in Colour. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 10s. 6d. net.)

Early Poems of William Morris. Illustrated by FLORENCE HARRISON. (Blackie and Son. 12s. 6d. net.)

Oxford. A Sketch Book by FRED RICHARDS. (A. and C. Black. 1s. net.)

Cambridge. A Sketch Book by WALTER M. KEESEY. (A. and C. Black. 1s. net.)

Girton College. By E. E. CONSTANCE JONES. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

Photograms of the Year: The Annual Review of the World's Pictorial Photographic Work. Edited by F. J. MORTIMER, F.R.P.S. (Hazell, Watson, and Viney. 2s. 6d. net.)

IT is a good object which the authors of "Autumn and Winter" have undertaken; for they have set out to prove that these two seasons of the year—often regarded as more or less dull and dreary times, to be gone through with as cheerful a heart as possible—have actually in them quite as much that is interesting, quite as much that is worthy of studying as the seasons of the year usually associated with brighter days. Those who will turn to nature at any period will find some growth or some development perpetually taking place, and this not only in the fields and hedges and among the birds and forest life of our beautiful villages, but also in London: in the parks, along the parapets of the Embankment—the haunt of the gulls, while it is recorded that in March, 1909, "a missel-thrush settled for two or three days in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and sang so loud and sweetly at dawn that wondering sleepers put out their heads to listen." This passage is to be found in the essay on "Birds in London," one of the many that go to form this interesting book. There are twelve special coloured illustrations by such well-known artists as Mr. Haldane Macfall, Sir Alfred East, and others, while interspersed with the text are many carefully drawn objects and views which add greatly to the value of the book.

The "Early Poems of William Morris," illustrated by Miss Florence Harrison, is one of the books Messrs. Blackie and Son know so well how to produce for the Christmas market. Lovers of poetry are always pleased to have a good illustrated edition of the works of one of their favourite authors, and although, in the book under notice, in some cases the coloured drawings seem to be a little more fanciful than the text warrants, no doubt admirers of the poet will be glad to receive so beautiful an edition of his works.

Mr. Fred Richards and Mr. Walter M. Keesey have produced two excellent little sketch-books, the one dealing with Oxford and the other with Cambridge. The drawings in each show great care in execution.

The detailed view from the top of Magdalen Tower, Oxford, and the various gateways in the Cambridge colleges perhaps deserve special mention, although all are good.

Girton College, Cambridge, consists of a general outline of the building and its object, together with details and statistics of the work done there. The book will be of value to all who take an interest in the education of women, as well as to those who contemplate becoming students at the college.

The present issue of "Photograms of the Year, 1913," continues to maintain its reputation as a good record of the progress of pictorial photography. The majority of the pictures selected show a great appreciation of natural poses in contrast to the obvious "look pleasant if you please" air, unfortunately still insisted upon by the village photographer at local functions. Many of the reproductions will be familiar to those who have visited the salons, but it is very good to have them all collected in book form together with the various articles which preface the photographs.

Winter Holidays

Winter Sports in Switzerland By E. F. BENSON.
(George Allen and Co. 15s. net.)

THIS book comes as a welcome addition to the winter sports library, and it has the recommendation that it is neither too technical, on any subject, to be understood by the uninitiated, nor in too light a vein to be a very useful guide to those who have not yet had the good fortune to taste the joys of a winter in Switzerland. The reader who takes up this book under the impression that it will merely while away a spare half-hour will quickly be undeceived. He will run through the first chapter or so, and will then find himself plunged into a careful and minute description of the science of skating. Attitude, form, turns, and tests, in both the English and International styles, are described with expert knowledge, until the bewildered reader can only conclude that the man who passes his first class test in either must be a prodigy of balance and nerve.

An amusing account of the game of curling follows, and though the benighted individual who has never curled may be tempted to skim quickly through this, the humorous touches which are a feature of the book will probably draw him back to read the paragraphs that he has missed.

Mr. Benson is too well known as a skater for anyone to be surprised at his devoting fifty-four pages of his book to "Rinks and Skaters," and forty more to games that are played on the ice, but only twenty-nine to skiing, which he evidently considers more in the light of a burlesque than of a serious sport. He gives much sound

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advice, however, which the beginner on skis would do well to take note of, though we cannot help warning him *not* to invest in ski sticks "at least shoulder-high" (one wonders what the maximum height would be!). In the early days of ski-ing in Switzerland a skier used to carry one of these long poles, as thick as a broom-stick, but for some years it has been replaced by a pair of light sticks not much higher than the elbow. The unconscious arrogance of the devotee of one sport towards another shows itself in Mr. Benson's evident, though unexpressed, opinion that, whereas only the best ice will do to skate on, any snow will do for ski-ing, and also in his unhesitating recommendation to the man who has "a reasonable prospect of coming out in future years" to persevere with his skates, or stick to the curling rink. But the spirit of the Swiss winter breathes through the book—that spirit of friendly gaiety and happy carelessness which goes with all winter sports, and comes, perhaps, from having, as Mr. Benson in his opening chapter so graphically puts it, "left our consciences and the white cliffs of England behind us, and not caring two straws as to whether we ever see any of them again."

It is this opening chapter that fascinates the Alpine sports enthusiast and holds him spellbound, reminding him vividly of past journeys to his Swiss paradise, and stirring in him the longing to be up and packing his thick boots and tweed suits. What man or woman who has been to Switzerland in the winter does not feel a growing restlessness, reading of the long night journey, when "we shriek through stations and scour with ever-increasing velocity through the darkness of a stormy night"? Who that has been to Murren does not recognise every step of that journey by the Lake of Thun, "pursuing a meandering way along the shores, and threading the darkness of hoarse tunnels whose lips are fringed with dripping icicles" until, after leaving Inter-laken Central Station, "as we steamed forth again to the Eastern Station, a long valley lying between two wooded hills opened out, and there, clear in the light of the young day, and white with virgin snows, and blue with precipices of ice, and set in the illimitable azure, rose the Queen of Mountains, the maiden, the Jungfrau, peaked and domed and pinnacled in ineffable crystal"?

It is Mr. Benson's appreciation of the beauty of the Swiss mountains and starlight nights, combined with the delightful humour of his descriptions, that makes his book such fascinating reading, and the instruction and advice he gives, together with his notes on the different winter resorts, makes it a very useful handbook. The beautiful photographs and the coloured illustrations, full of life and movement, are an added attraction, and the only person who should not read this book is the man who has been prevented from going to Switzerland, and who is eating his heart out at home, "living in a thick and ominous twilight of dusky orange, tasting evilly of soot and sulphurous products."

Shorter Reviews

In Spain With Peggy. By AUGUSTA GORDON WATSON. Illustrated by FRANCIS ANDERSON. (T. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE author of this work has followed a plan which is now becoming fairly popular, that of intermixing fiction with a description of genuine travel. The procedure is occasionally risky, since it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the wheat and the tares. There are times, of course, when it is the fiction element which stands for this latter doubtful quality, and at others the actual description of the travel itself. In this case we have something of a sentimental journey which, considering it was undertaken across the soil of sentimental Spain, is well enough. Our travellers, it is true, do not proceed far from the beaten track; yet we must confess that we should have had no objection to a little more travel and a little less of amorous incident. This may sound ungrateful; more especially considering the fact that we are favoured with a happy ending.

A Wayfaring Soul. By WALTER RAYMOND. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

A DELICATE charm of style and a certain wistful tenderness do something to commend the rather nebulous philosophy of Mr. Walter Raymond's "modern pilgrim's progress," wherein we have an allegorical enunciation of the theory that, in the hereafter which is hidden from human eyes, personality ceases, and separate individuality is merged into the one great stream of Life. On his way to the realisation of this postulated truth, the "wayfarer" who typifies the human soul in Mr. Raymond's allegory encounters various characters who help him to a recognition of the illusions of the world, and, in one way or another, assist him in his passage of emancipation "from the paradise of ignorance to the paradise of an everlasting charity." There are distinct beauties both of thought and expression in the narration of the successive episodes in which the dominant idea is worked out; and though that idea may suggest but cold comfort to many as a solution of the Great Secret, there will be no difference of opinion as to the quality of the literary workmanship which has been applied to its presentation in a little work which is a prose-poem of no mean order of merit.

Life, Emotion, and Intellect. By CYRIL BRUYN ANDREWS. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

"YET, in spite of many instances of over-indulgence, we shall find, if we follow emotional experiences in and out through society, that they are the real stuff of life, and demand both our reverence and respect . . . the attempt to turn humanity into a vast machine will

no doubt fail in the future as it has in the past . . . it has remained for the wisest thinkers of each age to appreciate the moral and emotional rather than the purely intellectual values of their time." These three excerpts, selected at random, may be taken as typically illustrative of the standpoint of this deeply thoughtful and suggestive little series of essays on the relative influence upon human life of the intellect and the emotions. The predestined failure of any attempt to order human existence by the light of "pure reason," and to treat the emotional factor as a thing to be suppressed or ignored, is the thesis which the author easily maintains in the course of his shrewd and stimulating consideration of the subject in relation to some of the chief interests and concerns of life. Mr. Andrews possesses the somewhat rare gift of crystallising profound thoughts into terse and pregnant phrases which are never flashily epigrammatic. "Pure intellectualism may to some extent explain life, but our feelings *are* life," is one of the many noteworthy sayings which add distinction to these penetrating and finely reasoned essays.

The Progress Book: An Illustrated Register of Development from Birth till Coming of Age and After. By J. J. PILLEY, Ph.D. Revised and Enlarged Edition. (The Leadenhall Press. 1s. 6d.)

THE success of Mr. Pilley's previous Progress Book has encouraged him to bring out a revised and enlarged edition of the same manual. Doubtless many fond parents have availed themselves of the opportunity offered a year or so ago, and have become the possessors of the earlier edition, in which they are now carefully recording all baby's tendencies and symptoms. Mr. Pilley is very persevering in his endeavour to extend the parents' sphere of influence over their offspring to such matters as the number and character of teeth, weight, colour of eyes, and many other details, in the 'teens and onwards. It is possible to imagine a slight resistance on the part of a fifth or sixth form boy when mamma enters with book, pencil, and foot-rule, and proceeds with the work of inspection. However, the book is a handy little volume to record the progress during early years, even if it cannot be used so far in life as the author intends, and, if rigorously kept, will prove, as suggested in the preface, a valuable guide to a medical adviser—and always of interest to mother.

Gaiety and George Grossmith: Random Reflections on the Serious Business of Enjoyment. Chronicled by STANLEY NAYLOR. With a Portrait in Colour and Other Illustrations. (Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

MR. STANLEY NAYLOR has constituted himself the Boswell of "Gee-Gee," and in this volume he presents to us the versatile and ever-entertaining actor off the stage which has witnessed so many of his triumphs.

Mr. George Grossmith's *obiter dicta*, as chronicled herein, show him to be a shrewd and witty observer of the world, one who knows his Paris and his New York as well, if not better, than he knows his London. His reflections on love-making and married life on and off the stage, on connubial philosophy and the marriage-market, and on going-to-the-devil, and many other topical subjects, are delightful reading. The volume is embellished by some fifty illustrations, among which may be mentioned an excellent portrait in colour of the Gaiety favourite by Miss Olive Snell, several amusing cartoons of him by famous caricaturists, and some charming portraits of pretty French, English, and American colleagues. The book cannot fail to divert whoever dips into it, for George Grossmith off the stage is quite as entertaining as when behind the footlights. For him, "all the world's a stage," and he makes the most of it.

Reprints

The Valley of Shadows. By FRANCIS GRIERSON. New Edition. Illustrated by EVELYN PAUL. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

Crimson Lilies. By MAY CROMMELIN. (John Long. 7d. net.)

The Magnetic Girl. By RICHARD MARSH. (John Long. 7d. net.)

The Matheson Money. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (John Long. 7d. net.)

"THE Valley of Shadows," telling in a vivid manner of the incidents in the American Civil War and giving an account of the author's boyhood, has now been illustrated in colour by Miss Evelyn Paul. Thirteen very good drawings make the story of added interest, and there is no reason why it should not take its place among the many gift books of the year.

The three other stories by popular writers, mentioned at the head of this notice, form a welcome addition to the series Messrs. John Long are now issuing, nicely bound and well printed for the modest price of sevenpence.

The Dolomites. Painted by E. HARRISON COMPTON. Described by REGINALD FARRER. (Adam and Charles Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE scope and enterprise which characterise the various series of Messrs. Black's coloured books are becoming quite remarkable. The publishers are certainly to be congratulated on this, their latest specimen. The region of the Dolomites itself provides, of course, a fascinating subject for description in the first place, and Mr. E. Harrison Compton has rendered full justice to its magnificent colouring; while Mr. Reginald Farrer, for his part, has done faithfully and well by that Magic Land of King Laurin's Garden, which is "enclosed by peaks like frozen flames." Now here is

a sentence which will catch both the eye and mind to start with. It is not our own—it is practically, word for word, one of Mr. Farrer's, and this alone will give the keynote to much of the volume. Indeed, the text of this is always good, and in many places purely delightful, for Mr. Farrer has the advantage of not only being able to appreciate the beauties of Nature, but also of being able to indulge himself and his readers in some caustic and pungent sentences, which add the necessary spice to the whole.

He places himself upon no pinnacle in his rôle as Cicerone. He has nothing to say, he boasts quite openly, against crowds: for is he not one of a crowd himself? This is, of course, true enough, and should be read and digested by many who are given to complain bitterly should they find themselves by no means the sole occupants of some popular pleasure resort. At the same time, Mr. Farrer can afford to write with such easy philosophy on this favourite haunt of his, since, for all its beauties and delights, there is no fear of the mountains and valleys of the Dolomites suffering from overcrowding—at all events for some while.

Mediæval Byways. By L. F. SALZMANN. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

WE must heartily congratulate the author—and, incidentally, ourselves, and, further, the publishers—on having trodden these Mediæval Byways. Quaintly scholarly and humorously erudite work such as this must be given a very warm welcome. Mr. Salzmann's foreword, "being sundry personal observations of no importance," gives an accurate clue to the trend of the book. The author has dived deeply and pleasantly into chance old records; he has invested them with life, sentiment, and wit; and in this he has been most efficiently aided by the artistic illustrations of Mr. George Kruger. The author explains that "so far as the half dozen essays which follow are concerned their origin was almost as spontaneous as Topsy's; like her they grew." It only remains for us to add that we rejoice exceedingly that they grew. May many more of a similar kind grow from the same pen!

An exhibition of Japanese colour-prints, lent by R. Leicester Harmsworth, Esq., M.P., will be on view in Rooms 71-73 of the Department of Engraving, Illustration, and Design, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, until March 21 next. The collection contains a considerable number of examples of the earlier artists, and is particularly rich in the work of Harunobu, Shunsho, and other eighteenth-century masters—the selection having been made specially to demonstrate the rise, development and possibilities of the Japanese method of colour-printing from wood-blocks. An illustrated guide to the exhibition has been prepared.

Fiction

Cake. By BOHUN LYNCH. (John Murray. 6s.)

THE Luffinghams, sorely in need of a legacy to preserve their ancestral acres, were left the money by a spiteful relative on condition that they changed their name to "Tibshelf." They had to choose between the money and their own name, of which they were proud; how, in the end, they managed to eat their cake and have it too, the reader in search of an amusing story had better find out for himself.

It is an amusing story, although some of the author's long-winded descriptions are extremely trying. In spite of Billy Porters, the clergyman, and Ermyntrude-Jane and her relations, the material of which the story is built is very slight; skilful building alone redeems it. There is just a shade too much of blue blood and insistence on the Right People (with very large capitals indeed), and there is a dog—"Budgy, they call her, short for Budgy-Budgee-Budgi-Budgo-Budgum—poppet-awee." This sort of thing is not humorous nor even funny, but merely tiresome. Also it uses up a line of solid print. But Mrs. Tibshelf, with her platitudes anent marriage, is a joy, and Billy is worth knowing. In spite of its faults, and a little too much worship of blue blood, the book is one to be included in one's library list at the earliest possible opportunity. It is not without the oft-remarked dull page, but there are some very bright ones by way of compensation.

The Bewildered Benedict. By EDWARD BURKE. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

THERE are some who have greatness thrust upon them, and half a dozen of our leading journals having proclaimed Mr. Edward Burke "a new humorist," that gentleman, in "The Bewildered Benedict," makes a bold attempt to live up to the reputation "Bachelors' Buttons," of which this is a continuation, won him. We cannot say, however, that he is altogether successful; though we willingly acknowledge that in parts his story is genuinely witty. But in others the would-be humour is forced and drags, and occasionally verges on vulgarity, as for instance in the episode of the dog, the bone-manure factory, and the lady, which recalls to mind one or another of the highly flavoured stories we have read in Brantôme, Boccaccio, or Rabelais, or "Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles." Such an expression as "Grand finale to *l'affaire Pottle*, as the French say when they want to be shocking," may be thought funny by those who know no better, but when it is repeated, slightly varied, a few pages further on, as "*Finis l'affaire l'admiral*," I murmured grimly, 'as the French say when they want to be shocking,' it becomes inanity pure and simple, without the redeeming feature of even being correct French. Mr. Burke has apparently not yet grasped the fact that "wit talks most when least she has to say."

Shorter Notices

It is the little asides and descriptive passages of "The Milky Way," by F. Tennyson Jesse (Wm. Heinemann, 6s.), that matter, more than the story itself. One is inclined almost to say that there is no story, for the book tells merely of the inconsequent wanderings of Viv Lovell and Peter Whympers, of the family of cats, baby, half-witted girl, and other things that they collected, and finally of their marriage. The setting of the story, however, is a thing of sheer delight; a breeze blows through the book, with the fresh scent of a spring morning in its gusts, for this is a story of youth that did not care, that lived and laughed on its way to the anchorage of marriage, and was glad even when life looked black, because still there was life. We are made to suffer a plenitude of puns and witty sayings that have been said many times before, but we can forgive the author these because they are of youth, and the book is very young and very good. For such as have the courage to read descriptions there is in "The Milky Way" a wealth of matter; but the reader in search of melodramatic situations will find nothing to his liking. Those who care for books of the open road, here is a taste that will cause them to look for more of the same quality. The book is a welcome addition to the year's fiction.

"Marthe," by Reginald Nye (Sampson Low and Co., 6s.), is the story of John Blaine, egoist, who set out to conquer the world as a painter, and succeeded as a singer, walking to his fame and to the woman he really loved across the life—and in the end across the corpse—of Marthe, the French painter's daughter, who gave all that a woman holds most dear in order that Blaine should win the recognition his voice—though not himself—deserved. It is also the story of "Bovril," Blaine's *fidus Achates*, and of Helen Pendred: the author bids us not trouble about their real names. As a novel, it is amateurish work, for the sacrifice of Marthe is long drawn out, and we know the end too soon. As a study in unselfish, splendid love, both on the part of Marthe and "Bovril," it is a fine piece of work, for never was a greater heroine than Marthe as she is pictured here, a pagan who knew the glory of beauty and the need for subordination of the artist's life to art. The book is also a merciless, ruthless study of John Blaine's selfishness and, in the widest sense of the phrase, immoral outlook. For there is no worse form of immorality than that which fails to recognise that "the Ten Commandments were framed without exceptions for pretty women and men of genius." It is not a sound gospel that Mr. Nye preaches—or perhaps it might be said that the end of the story is its justification. However this may be, the author has given us an arresting book, and one worthy of attention.

"We did the usual things in Hong-Kong," says "An English Girl in the East" (Andrew Melrose, Ltd., 6s.), and apparently "the usual things" were done

everywhere, until Arthur, whom the English girl loved, discovered a trace of native blood in his veins. Thereafter follows a finely conceived little tragedy, and the end of the book is very good indeed. This comment concerns three or four chapters at the most. For the rest, since Gadsby went to Egypt, have not all travellers made similar comments on what they found and whom they met? American Peggy, four years old, is not original, for the childish query of what is a bigger thing than infinity has appeared in print before. Peggy is delightful, but she is not new—as nothing else in the book is new. This may seem too captious a criticism for the story of a girl's experiences, prettily told; yet we ask that old things should be dressed anew, and this book reeks of trodden ways and respectability as it reeks of quotations; it has all been done before, even in volumes in which Indian names and words are spelt correctly.

So much by way of protest. The book will serve well as a guide to certain Eastern places—Indian mainly, for there is in it little of Japan. The descriptions of Simla and "leaving cards" are quite nice and quite atmospheric of Indian hill-life, to adapt a phrase. Miss Margaret Kirby can turn a pretty phrase at times, and has a good stock of humour with which to flavour her work, while in the last chapter there is a restraint which brings into the book a note of real tragedy, as distinct from mere pathos.

To begin with, in "The Painted Lady," by Arabella Kenealy (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.), the Earl's only son married a lady with lots of money, and got himself drowned in crossing an Irish lake. He left a daughter, to whom his wife bequeathed her fortune. Then this lady married again, and her second husband brought another daughter into the mix-up. We ought, before this, to have explained that the lady's fortune was to revert to the Earl in the event of his grand-daughter's death. Supposing that all these people had been wiped out in the San Francisco earthquake, the Earl used the fortune to prop up his tottering mansion, and then his grand-daughter turned up, together with her stepfather and his daughter. Add to this that the stepfather's daughter was given the place of the Earl's heiress, and that the Earl's daughter-in-law turns up at the end, puts matters right and undoes the work of the wicked stepfather, also that another wife, belonging to the stepfather, turns up, and there is a nephew. The foregoing is not intended to be understood. It is merely an attempt to give some idea of the awful tangle to which this book subjects us, from which we emerge with reeling brain to search for a few wet towels. The author also assumes that we require to be taught the elements of polite behaviour, and devotes space to telling us exactly how well-bred people do things—*ad nauseam*. On the whole, the work is not very thrilling, although the Earl's nephew is quite a nice character and worth reading about. Other characters need such a lot of sorting out that they detract from the interest of the story.

In "The Allinson Honour," by Harold Bindloss (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.), the principal characters are taken out to Canada; and life in the back blocks of that fascinating Dominion is accurately portrayed. The vice which has come to attack the virtue of the novel never has a chance, which is, in its way, quite as well, since the more recent trend of novels has been to show the triumph of what used to be known as immorality, and which is now generally termed a "deeper" species of love. But nothing of this enters into Mr. Harold Bindloss's work. Here in Canada we fight nature and win; we struggle against the villains and overcome them; and, in the end, in order that all may be complete, we win the hand of the only lady in the world—the only lady whose hand, of course, is worth winning. It is a stirring and well-told tale.

Great originality is displayed in "Flemish Tales," by J. Redwood-Anderson (G. Allen and Co., 3s. 6d.), but the subject-matter is too morbid to make pleasant reading. The author's powers of description are considerable, and particularly true concerning the Flemish people and the Flemish landscapes. With so great a wealth of ideas, and so fertile an imagination, Mr. Redwood-Anderson would do well to exercise his talents upon more pleasing subjects. It is perhaps a trite criticism to say that all these tales would have been much better told in simple prose, yet the criticism inevitably suggests itself to the reviewer, and we think it will also be the verdict of the reader.

Odd Hours in Borneo

THE sun gleamed on the steel trolley rails along the pier, and upon the white paint of the wooden clock-tower in front of the Jesselton Club. It was already hot, though the moon was still high up in the blue. The little islets of the harbour with white coral-strewn beaches, and the longer island of Gaya, were full of blue shadows among their green forests. The mainland rises steeply here from behind the wharf, and its woods were dark against the brilliance of the Eastern sky. A narrow-bodied, long-snouted fish was patrolling the clear water in the shadow of the launch.

That day I was to see a "Tamu" up the Inanam River, and we left the *Petrel* in the longboat. Mount Kinebalu was clear, but gradually disappeared behind a nearer range of hills as we turned up the river. A big prow passed with two men paddling; they sat side by side, each with one leg tight up against the thwarts, and wore simply mushroom hats and loincloths. One man at the bows gave the tune. They will keep on all day but must change the measure; sometimes he gave them two short and one long, sometimes three and a pause, repeated. After about two hours' pulling we entered the river, having had to row a long way round to escape shallows as the tide was rather low. To right and left the light golden emerald of the

mangroves shone below the duller green of the forest trees. On the patches of sand at the edge of the water where the sun reaches, crocodiles dozed, blue-grey in colour; one was so fast asleep that we were within three yards of him before he woke up, and with a swish of his tail slid into the water. But the strangest creature I saw that morning was a large ape called the long-nosed Proboscis monkey, a red hairy creature as big as a man.

Soon we came to a typical out-station, and long native houses, built with a platform in front continuous with the floor of the rooms, which are divided off for different families by partitions. The whole composite dwelling stands quite six feet above the ground, so there is always room to thrust a spear through the floor from below. A district officer met the boat here and took me to the Tamu a little farther up on the river bank. Beyond some coconut palms which had prickly stems bound round the trunk to stop rats and squirrels from climbing to the fruit, we came to an open space thronged with native folk of various tribes. The Tamu is just a big market—there are Chinamen to buy and natives from the interior to sell, and small peddling of all sorts goes on as well. No deal is allowed to be made until the district officer gives the signal to begin trading, but I think in many cases disposal had been arranged. There was a silence among the crowd gathered in the open space in the middle of the village. All eyes watched the little flag run up the pole; then in about two seconds the chief business of the day—all the serious buying—was done. Some put their takings immediately into brass. I noticed one woman who, having sold her crate of damar, went straightway to a Chinaman's stall to buy coils of brass wire to add to those already round her nearly naked body. Fish and fruits were on sale, resins and gums, and crates of tobacco, great long-tailed king-crabs, and bananas and jackfruits.

I returned to the *Petrel* in Jesselton Harbour the same evening just as the colours of the afterglow were dying in the sky behind the smaller islands. The moon was not yet up, and as darkness came on the fires of a few boats from which the men were spearing fish flickered over the water. One of the crew who had been with us in the morning—"Sally," a young Doosen—was lying on his back playing a sumpitan he had bought at the Tamu. (The native vocabulary is very limited; sumpitan, which means a pipe, is used both for the six-foot blowpipe and this musical instrument.) It was a gourd with eight bamboo pipes attached to it by resinous matter—four long and four short. The player blows into the spout of the gourd and touches the holes of the pipes with his fingers.

I was smoking a cigarette, given me by Rahman, our native captain. He was an unselfish man, as was proved by the number of native ladies to whom he had extended the dignity of matrimonial alliance, and it gave him real and manifest pleasure to see me indulged at his expense. The cigarette was rolled in a piece of

some leaf, like coarse muslin, and was not very palatable to me, but Rahman seemed to get a vicarious satisfaction from it which was far greater than that which he obtained from smoking my own imported articles. As was his habit, when approached for conversation, he was gazing steadily at the ship's binnacle, regardless of the fact that we were anchored. I asked him to tell me the reason why there are no tigers in Borneo.

"Formerly," said Rahman, "there were all kinds of animals there, but Prophet Mahomed-din came to Borneo, and whilst walking along beheld a tiger. He broke a stick off a tree and struck the tiger with it, and on account of that the tigers no longer wanted to stay in the country and all went away. That tree is a blackwood tree twenty-three to twenty-five feet high called Limpanas. Three years ago a ship came to Labuan with a show of animals, and some of the Kedaiaans came along with this Limpanas wood to prove the story. I myself tried a piece of Rotan—put it between the bars of the cage, and the tiger went for it and clawed it, and I said to my friends the Kadaiaans who had come down from Beaufort, 'come bring this wood and try it.' So they did this—put the Limpanas wood between the bars of the cage and the tiger bowed down and would not do anything at all. Then when they took away the Limpanas wood the tiger got up again." I wished I could speak in his own tongue with Rahman instead of having to make use of an interpreter. He loved to talk, and though there is nothing very exciting about his tales, the atmosphere of superstition in which he lives renders them uncommonly interesting.

We coasted next day by Kudat to Sandakan. The water in the bay at night was very phosphorescent; I watched it from the deck of the *Petrel*. A boat moving made a path of silver; then the general glow increased, and every movement of every fish seemed to wake sleeping lamps to light. Under the water they glided like ghosts and phantoms, and, emerging, made a pool of brilliancy upon the surface that waned only as it widened. Long serpentine paths of fifty and sixty yards remained visible for many minutes. The end of a cheroot thrown in splashed up a thousand sparkling jewels, and made a series of concentric rings of blue fire. Little clots and spots and patches danced and winked, appearing and dying over all the bay. It was as though some fairy fête were being held under the sea, and here upon the surface, outside the gates, shone in thousands the lamps of arriving guests. Down in the depths strange hovering or moving shapes appeared like the mysterious nebulae in the night sky above, vague amid galaxies of clear shining stars.

I was to see yet another of the Borneo rivers, and with a doctor who had to examine a batch of sick coolies I left Sandakan one morning in a small launch, passing along the coast by the Malay houses and the sawmills. Presently we turned up the quala, or mouth, of the Sekong River. For some miles on either side

mangrove swamp continued uninterruptedly, but we came at last to a part of the river where Nipah palms grew abundantly, and among them Rattan, here called Nanti Dhulu, or "wait-a-while."

The Sekong Estate, covering 8,717 acres, is the oldest rubber estate in Borneo; on some parts of it the trees have been tapped for many years. Altogether, at the time of my visit, the manager told me there were 97,000 rubber trees. Here and there a giant Lalang tree has been left standing, towering high above the plantation, with those flat wing walls at the base of the trunk that make it resemble the great foot of some monstrous bird like the roc in "Sindbad the Sailor." The manager declared that what rubber was extracted from the strips of bark cut out of the tree for the tapping alone paid all the working expenses of the estate. Every morning at five o'clock each of the latex men takes out one hundred cups, and works till 10.30. Then he goes round to collect, brings the rubber in to be sorted out, and washes all the cups. After heavy rain they do not tap, the latex (milk) would run all over the tree. The latex is poured from the cups into flat tins, with a little acetic acid and water to make it coagulate. Then it is rolled, pressed, and freed from water, and smoked. In front of the manager's house stood a batch of seedling trees. Each seed is planted in a basket, and when it is 18 inches high the whole basket is planted, the roots thus not being disturbed at all.

One morning at Sandakan I turned into the courthouse. It stands near the Government Offices, and the beautiful lawn of the Tennis Club, and is a two-storeyed building of warm-coloured reddish wood with a corrugated iron roof. A Dyak prisoner was just being charged with murder; he had shown an instance of the sudden homicidal rage which sometimes attacks these people, but is quite different from the usually deliberate and long brewing "amok" of the Malay. This prisoner, now a healthy-looking young man, was considered to have been undoubtedly mad at the time of the murders. He woke from sleep, got up, seized his parang, killed two people and a child, and then went to sleep again. When captured he had mosquitos in both eyes and ears. He was remanded for further medical report. The next case was that of an Englishman, a drunken wastrel cringing and servile, a piece of that flotsam and jetsam of the white man's wreckage which is one of the most pitiful things to be seen in the tropics. He was charged by a police sergeant who had kept him under observation for a long time. Found frequently incapable in the gutter, he had been sent back time and again to some sawmills where he had employment till his final discharge, since when he had drifted about, sometimes finding shelter in native houses, sometimes spending his nights in the open. He was accused also of obtaining stores on false pretences.

"Yesterday," said the police sergeant, "I personally applied to his old acquaintances for someone who would take any responsibility for him, but everyone I

asked refused, so, your Worship, to prevent further disgracing of the white race here, I ask for this man to be detained where he cannot come to mischief."

It would be difficult to conceive a situation in which the feeling of a noble pride of race shines out more clearly from his fellows than in the presence of one who has trailed it in the dust, and there can be no more hopeful sign of our efficiency in such distant outposts of Empire than in the wise handling of two such cases at the Sandakan Court.

A. HUGH FISHER.

In the Learned World

M. DECOURDEMANCHE, in the current number of the *Annales du Service des Antiquités* in Egypt, draws attention to the bricks with which some of the oldest Egyptian tombs were built. Thus in the tomb where the famous Serpent stela of the Louvre was found, he discovers that the bricks bear a certain relation to those of the earliest Babylonian structures, but are not identical with them. The base of the system of measurement or so-called "cubit," to which these bricks are to be referred, is, says M. Decourdemanche, the gold talent, which in the time of the Ptolemies was exactly half the size of that of Babylon, and weighed 21 kilos and 250 grammes. Bricks made to this standard were apparently employed in the tomb of King Den, who is generally assigned to the First Egyptian Dynasty, and whose tomb at Abydos is not far distant from that of the Serpent stela. M. Decourdemanche, however deduces from this and other facts that the Serpent tomb is not very old, and probably dates about the Twelfth Dynasty, which is singularly in accord with the lately expressed opinion of Sir Gaston Maspero that the Stela itself has been retouched somewhere near this date. This knocks on the head a good many theories on the so-called evolution of Egyptian art and on the order of the tombs; but one is not sure that too much stress may not be laid upon such matters as the measurement of bricks. In European countries, where everything is more or less standardised by the use of machinery and other causes, weights and measures are indeed of importance as a means of dating; but it is by no means so certain that this is the case in the East. Building operations are there conducted much more according to the fancy or the convenience of the individual builder, and Mr. Somers Clarke, himself an architect of great distinction, lately gave an amusing description of the construction of a house in Egypt, to which the native builder, who had also a great local reputation, brought with him for all equipment a sort of brick gauge, and a long straw which he reduced to the length he took as his standard by biting off the end. Yet the house which he built was, as Mr. Somers Clarke confesses, satisfactory enough, and included a dome, the measurement of

which showed that the builder's eye was but a very little out.

The new regulations for excavations in Egypt are printed in full in the same number of the *Annales*. Besides those already given in THE ACADEMY, one notices that in future no licences to excavate will be granted except to persons recommended by Governments, universities, academies, or learned societies. If the licensee is not himself a *savant réputé*, a person thus qualified, and who can be shown to have had previous experience in excavation, must accompany him throughout the work. No one in future will be allowed to sell antiquities in a shop or to hawk them for sale without a licence, and he must keep a register showing the names of the purchaser and the prices obtained. Finally, no antiquity will be allowed to be exported without a further licence. Excellent arrangements these, which would do much, if enforced, to put an end to the scandal of the present state of things. How they are to be enforced, in view of the Capitulations, is another matter.

One of the most common monuments of the later Egyptian religion which centred round the worship of the Greek Isis, is the model of a human foot crowned with the head of Serapis, copied from the Jove-like statue of that god made by Bryaxis for Ptolemy's great temple at Alexandria. M. Deonna, in the current number of *L'Homme préhistorique*, gives a dissertation on this image, which generally occurs in the shape of a little bronze amulet or phylactery. It has been imagined sometimes to have been an *ex-voto* offered by a patient suffering from a disease of the foot, sometimes as a mark of gratitude to the god for protection on a voyage or journey, and sometimes as a sort of evidence of possession by the god. M. Deonna also draws attention to the fact lately come to light that the crowd of initiates going to celebrate the Mysteries of Eleusis used to stop at a particular point in the Sacred Way to tie up their right hands and left feet in bandages. The fact is curious enough in itself, but its connection with the amulet in question is not immediately apparent.

A striking article by M. H. Jeanmaire on the famous Krypteia of the Spartans has appeared in the *Revue des Etudes Grecques*. This festival, if the word is not somewhat misplaced in this connection, consisted, as the readers of Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus know, in the young Spartans lying in wait for their Helots on country roads and murdering with daggers "the strongest and bravest of them." It has been looked upon as a measure of State for reducing the power of a formidable lower class, as has, in fact, the lynchings of negroes in the Southern States of America. But M. Jeanmaire shows with great ingenuity that it was probably an act of mimic war coming down from very ancient times, and forming part of the initiation of the male youth into the rights and duties of manhood. In this respect, he compares it with much effect to the initiatory similar rites of the native Australians, and he shows that the curious marriage customs of Sparta may be derived from a similar source.

Lastly, comes a communication by M. Jean Maspero, the learned son of a learned sire, to the Académie des Inscriptions, which is printed in their last *Bulletin*. He describes in it the excavations made at Bâouit, which brought to light one of the many Coptic "monasteries" now generally overbuilt by later buildings. The incongruously-named Saint Apollo seems to have been here the chief object of adoration, and exhibits in his own person a curious mixture of Christian and Pagan emblems. Thus, in one of the frescoes, the Saint is portrayed in red Senatorial boots like a Roman Emperor, and bears on his lap a kind of apron containing three diminutive personages, whom M. Maspero confidently claims as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, just rescued from the burning fiery furnace. It is curious that the busts of the Sun and Moon distinguished by the legends Helios and Selene which accompany the group are fair reproductions of Greek art, while the Biblical personages and the Saint are all drawn in the stiff Byzantine style. A caricature of Roman legal proceedings also appears on the same walls, in which some rats present petitions and gifts to a judge dressed as a cat. Was this the source of the *chats fourrés*, or furred law-cats, of Rabelais; and, if so, how did the master become acquainted with Coptic wall-paintings?

F. L.

The Mountains of South Wales

I.

THE long vacation has come to an end, as did its predecessors and other good things of this mortal life. The narrow ways of the Temple—I use the ambiguous phrase of design—must needs serve me for the broad and pleasant valleys of the Wye and the Usk, and tall buildings for the breezy uplands of the eternal hills. However pleasant be those smiling lowlands, the imaginative longings which not all the legal systems of the world can suppress force you upward, to share the solitudes of the grouse and the curlew, to find joy in white heather for the eyes and dew-freshened whortleberries for the palate.

The very barrenness of the highlands of Wales is their glory. The lover of solitude feels them to be his peculiar domain. Consider how suitably such an one is catered for. No motor-cars insult the sanctities of the unbroken expanses of heather and that tough, wiry grass which lends to the rounded contours the appearance of a vast pile carpet upon which the glorious purple pattern of the heather is woven. Were these reticent hills but another thousand feet higher they would doubtless for ever be desecrated by the crowning atrocity of a mountain railway. Were they a little lower they would be accessible by the good fat men of the plains. As it is, you may wander—if you enjoy such good fortune as I enjoyed—for whole days without meeting a soul save a gruff shepherd, who neither gives nor takes lengthier greeting than "Good-day."

The wanderer upon these sombre hills is constantly possessed by the pervading impression of the insignificance of organic beings. Here you are merely tolerated; you do not in the least form part of the picture. You are a novelty and an anomaly. The landscape was painted before your presence was a possibility. Often and often did I liken the forms of the hills to those of long extinct saurians, frozen monuments of protest against the littleness of dawning civilisation.

The prevailing atmosphere of all of these hills is one of profound, majestic, sad tranquillity. Most characteristically so is it in the case of the glorious range known as the Black Mountains. Never was name more appropriately bestowed. No matter whether the season be summer or winter, the weather fair or foul, the hills will most surely not put off, save for brief spaces of time, their wonted and appropriate garment of mourning.

But their mourning is of no common or dingy hue; for beneath the sable lies the sheen of rich imperial purple. And though upon occasion the sorrowful Lady of the hills may put on silver-green and russet trimmings of whortleberry and bracken, be not deceived into thinking that she wears a wedding dress, for this is but her garb of half-mourning. The silvery mist that rolls in upon you even while you gaze is her veil, and never did mortal woman more fully realise the enhancing effect of such a gauzy veil upon her charms. Never seems the beauty of these fair places so great as when they are half revealed and half concealed by mist. The highest point of the Black Mountains is but 2,660 feet (Waun Fach), but they are possessed of all the grandeur and solemnity of their greater sisters. Most beautiful amongst them is the Fuji Yama cone of the Sugar-loaf, whose summit you may reach comfortably in two hours' walking from Abergavenny. If you are a lover of simple, old-fashioned comfort, you should make your centre Llanthony Abbey. There you will sleep in a bedroom whose walls are six feet thick, from whose windows you may study the reticent beauty of the transitional period between Norman and Early English. For the Abbey affords examples of the earliest pointed windows in this country. If you have a taste for carving you should not fail to see the exquisite wooden screen of Portrishow Church.

The overcrowding problem has not yet invaded these breezy uplands. Man loves the plains, and when upon some bank-holiday he bethinks him of the hills, it is but in the light of a means whereby his pork-pie and gingerbeer may be rendered more delectable.

Thence comes it that, when the mist lifts and the glorious landscape comes out like the smile of a mother, your eyes alone will drink in the beauty of the scene. Nathless it would still pass unheeded by such common men as might perchance have climbed thus far, for the common man has not the habit of the Japanese of taking pleasure in silent contemplation. When he has finished his gingerbeer he spends the afternoon in shying stones at the empty bottles. But for you the

ascent of these pure heights will have caused you to realise acutely the pettiness of the crowded, unwholesome life of a great city. From a vantage-spot above the world the fields outspread below appear as crazy-work: and so they are to a rebel whose lungs are full of the deliciously intoxicating air.

The Theatre

"Magic" at the Little Theatre

AFTER his play had run through three rather loose and confusing acts and a vague prelude, Mr. Chesterton was good enough to tell us a little about himself. He is, we believe, a platform speaker; there are few among that class of orator who can affect to be unaffected with such obvious skill. We were to understand that nothing was right which the author wrote, nothing was worthy, nothing was good—only his opinions were entirely and always correct.

Unfortunately Mr. Chesterton is not quite sure or clear as to the opinions he wishes to put forth in "Magic." If it be his belief in immortal mystery, he has not chosen a very suitable medium in the stage, nor are his characters, nor his often very modest wit, likely to spread his glad evangel far and wide.

The prelude is played in that scene once so popular with the late Mr. Grant Allen and other lights of the eighteen-nineties, a hill-top. Mr. Franklyn Dyall, in a very unbecoming cap, there appears as a stranger from some other world than ours to the charming Miss Grace Croft, who, as Patricia Carleon, the niece of a foolish duke, is out at evening time in the park, hoping to waylay a fairy or so. Those of us who wish can always convince ourselves that we have carried out this adventure. Patricia believes she has met a wizard, and so does the audience, although the heroine later on says that she has always known that the stranger was a man. This touch of doubt is symptomatic of the whole feeling of the play. We are doubtful about what is happening; the characters appear doubtful; the only matter we do not doubt is that the author doubts considerably just what he is about. Dryden thought that Shakespeare's magic could not be copied, that none other durst walk within that circle. It is pretty certain that Mr. Chesterton has not the supreme gifts which would enable him to evolve a true fantasy or permit him to make us believe in his make-believe. That would, indeed, be a divine touch for a mere mortal to possess.

There is secret magic in every incident and phase of life for those who happen to have the right temperament. Its enjoyment is perennial, but it is for one's own heart alone; some psychic law makes it impossible of publication. Least of all is it adaptable for the uses of the stage. Its expressions are too arbitrary,

its employment too easy a solution for difficulties already concocted by the author. Magic is for ourselves alone; directly you make use of her in material things—and the stage is the most physical of all the arts—she loses her beauty and value. This utilitarian labour spoils her for us; we know then that she has not fed on honey-dew, and that the milk of paradise has been skimmed and made into pats of butter for the markets of men.

Having chosen rather an impossible subject, Mr. Chesterton makes the very best of it, and drags in the oldest imaginings, some pretty tricks of sentiment, and the newest party catchwords to help out his idea.

There is supposed to be a house-party, of which we see nothing, at the duke's place, and he employs a conjurer, who is, of course, the wizard of Patricia's evening wanderings in search of fairies. She is hurt when she finds him human, but it would seem later that he has only put on mortality for a little while. For, when the heroine's brother, Morris, Mr. Lyonel Watts, a crude product of American commercialism, insults the conjurer in a hopelessly stupid fashion, that strange stranger has at his command the spirits of evil; he is immediately able to perform "magic," for which there is no explanation ready to hand, the mere unaccountableness of which affects the brain of Morris to such an extent that the doctor, Mr. William Farren; the duke, Mr. Fred Lewis; and the others beg the stranger to help them out of their difficulty. This the conjurer, wizard, or whatever he may be, does by inventing some material explanation which we do not hear, but which has the effect of soothing the savage Morris and enabling Patricia to end the play very delicately by telling the stranger that she loves him and that her belief in a fairy story has come true after all. Everyone is happy: Mr. Chesterton's comic duke and his doubtful parson, the Rev. Cyril Smith, excellently played by Mr. Heggie, the old-fashioned and eloquent doctor, the mysterious stranger, and, above all, the one person in whom we can feel much interest, Patricia. Why so sympathetic and charming a girl should be happy or in love with the magician is one of the many mysteries of the play, which we accept joyfully enough, since the whole makes a quite interesting entertainment.

As Mr. Chesterton readily states, it is a rather amateur play supported by accomplished professionals. Mr. Dyall's part is particularly difficult, but he plays it bravely, sometimes with rather too melodramatic an air, and forces his audience to realise that he is a possible human being. Patricia is an elusive creature, too, but, as presented by Miss Croft, her quiet charm, her romance and kindness stand clearly forth, and any weak points in the dramatic development of the character are hidden by the charm of the actress. As for the rest, they talk a good deal of the sort of thing that lovers of Mr. Chesterton's work will appreciate very fully—could one give higher praise to a first play by this popular writer?

"A Place in the Sun" at the Comedy Theatre

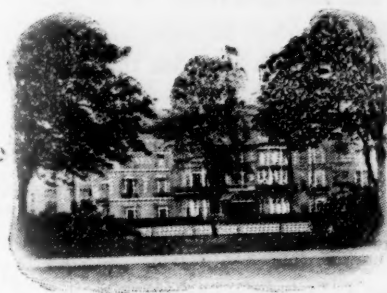
THIS rather well-worn phrase fits Mr. Cyril Harcourt's play as title in one particular with remarkable nicety. It suggests the day before yesterday, and the happy thought which has seen a good deal of hard service. This should help to make the comedy immensely popular. We hardly believe the public wants anything new. They would much rather have the old ideas redressed, the old view seen again through a nice modern lens.

We think Mr. Harcourt knows this, and has prepared just the play the audience want. It is the story of how a young and entirely useless gentleman of family, who is dependent on an allowance from his almost impossibly old-world father, definitely compromises a girl of a slightly lower caste than himself. He does not want to marry her, or anyone, but would do so if his father agreed, only that last seems an impossible affair. The author knows better. The casual young man, Stuart Capel, Mr. Reginald Owen, has a high-spirited sister, Marjorie, presented with much truth and skill by a new-comer to the London stage, Miss Jean Cavendish, and she suddenly "grows up" and puts matters right.

The lady of lower rank—in fact, a tenant-farmer's daughter, Rose, Miss Ellen O'Malley—appears to be at first in a hopeless position. Her brother, Dick Blair, Mr. Robert Loraine, is a highly successful novelist. He lives with and is devoted to Rose; but—and this is where the author shows his cunning—he has secretly loved and secretly been loved by the aristocratic Marjorie for seven years. When his sister, who is a quite moderately lovely woman, stoops to folly and finds that Stuart Capel has not the least intention of doing anything that will make him uncomfortable, Dick is furious and at his wits' end. Both Stuart and Rose experience and display that old stage-world surprise at the probable result of their love affair, but the novelist, who really ought to know about such theatrical matters, is shocked beyond belief. He is ready to do everything and anything that is noble to get Rose married to Stuart—notwithstanding the fact that he considers him the meanest person on earth—but there is the implacable father, Sir John Capel, Mr. Lyston Lyle, whose point of view is the simple one that the young people have been foolish and the lady must suffer. The daughter of a tenant-farmer is too horrible. Sir John, however, has not noticed that his daughter overhears the interview until too late. Marjorie now carries out her own plan, and manages to get to Dick Blair's house at midnight. She invites attention from the other characters to this fact, and, after Rose has returned from a visit to the tragic river, the daughter of the house of Capel forces her ideas of what is right upon those about her. Sir John gives in. Rose and Stuart are to marry and be provided for—we should be interested in a play about their future life. Dick and Marjorie, who have loved

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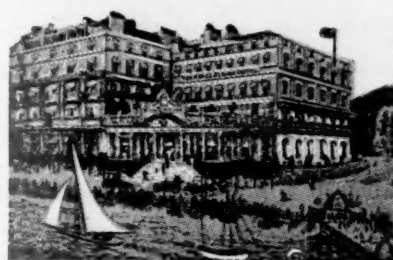
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so long—without telling—are to be happy. A drunken journalist who loved Rose, played by Mr. Harcourt, disappears into the night, and Sir John blesses his children. All this may sound a little of yesterday; but, although Mr. Harcourt takes an old theme, he adds many new incidents, and the dialogue is always fresh and sincere, while the character-drawing is clear and in the case of both Stuart and Marjorie Capel delightful and new and true.

Miss Cavendish made an immediate success, and fully carried the house with her; but the finest study in the play was that which Mr. Owen gave us as the young man of family who thinks he is good for nothing—except harm. Mr. Robert Loraine was, as ever, bright and lively and powerful; a little too much himself and not quite enough in the character of Dick Blair, but many people will prefer that.

EGAN MEW.

"Tristan and Isolda" at Covent Garden

IF it be possible to judge a piece by the applause it receives then "Tristan and Isolda," produced in English at the Royal Opera House on Saturday evening, was a very great success, for again and again did the curtain rise and the singers and the conductor receive the ovation of the audience. And truth to tell there was not much amiss with the company Mr. Raymond Rôze presented on the evening in question. Mr. John Coates as Tristan was in his best form and sang throughout with great feeling and expression. The impassioned love-scene in the garden of King Mark's palace with its entrancing duet gave both Mr. John Coates and Miss Marta Wittkowska a fine opportunity to display their powers, and although this actress cannot be said to bring any particularly graceful movements to bear on her part, her voice was able to sustain with good effect many of the trying passages.

For certain reasons it is to be regretted that the late Mr. Pelissier and others were ever allowed to "pot" grand opera, for at tragic moments it is always possible to recall some of their inimitable burlesques. Such a scene, for instance, is the one when Tristan is lying at the point of death in his castle at Brittany, and yet manages to sing lustily and well a few seconds after he had showed but faint signs of life. (Exactly the occasion for a *Follies'* triumph!) But we pass on to the famous death-song, with its wailing strain and tragic close. "Joan of Arc" and "Tannhäuser" remain yet to be witnessed; but with regard to "Tristan and Isolda" we can accord it our praise, mentioning in addition to the two already named Miss Juliette Autran as Brangaena, whose performance was sympathetic and her singing sweet, Mr. Charles Mott as Kurwenal, the faithful attendant, and particularly Mr. Hamilton Harty, the conductor whose able management of the musicians enabled the audience to hear the singers on the stage while not missing any of the orchestral passages.

The Goupil Gallery Salon

THE eighth exhibition of this Salon has brought together an unusual amount of good work with a wonderfully small admixture of eccentricity. There are four hundred exhibits in all, and to deal with them fully would be impossible. Our selections, therefore, must be somewhat capricious, but we desire to record our general opinion that the collection is distinctly above the average.

In the Small Gallery Mr. Maresco Pearce has some delightful studies of Venice and St. Malo, in line and wash and water-colour—he revels, in fact, in varying his medium, and he does so with no little effect. His work is exceedingly careful, and there is no uncertainty about it. Mr. Shackleton's two life-studies in colour for his picture "The Mackerel Nets," are interesting and clever; and Mr. David Muirhead's "Landscape at Lincoln" is characteristic in its rendering of cloudy light and spreading marshland. Mr. Stacy Aumonier has two bold impressionist studies; and Mr. Derwent Wood, A.R.A., sends some fifteen studies of the nude, which have great technical merit, but little beauty. Miss Gertrude Crompton sends a capital large-scale water-colour, which she calls "Hay Time," full of light and the glow of summer, besides being careful in drawing.

Coming to the Large Gallery, we are arrested at the outset by Mr. Hughes-Stanton's fine oil painting, "An Inlet from the Sea," which justifies the choice of a hackneyed subject by brilliant execution, and the truthful rendering of light under a cloudy sky. There is some good broken light in Mr. Friedenson's "The Wind on the Heath"; and Mr. D. V. Cameron contributes a characteristically sombre rendering of "Lismore"; but the best things in this room are the contributions of Mr. William Orpen, "On the Rocks," and "On the Edge of the Cliff." The first of these is a natural and finely executed child-portrait; the model is not beautiful, but has the grace of childhood, and grips the beholder in a curiously insistent way. The other subject contains a group of three figures reclining and seated on a Cornish headland—all charmingly natural. In another room in the exhibition is a water-colour study by Mr. Orpen for the seated child in this picture, with the foreshortening of which we imagine the artist is not wholly satisfied. "The Lace Shawl" is a brilliant, if rather hard, study by Mr. Wilson Steer, of a seated damsel, clad in bright blue, with a black shawl thrown over her shoulders—certainly a striking picture. Blinding sunlight and cool shadows mark Mr. von Glehn's "Girls spinning outside a Court, Granada"; his, too, is a forceful personality that compels homage to his vigorous handling of whatever subject he takes up. High praise is due to the clever nude by Mr. Charles Sims, "Ianthé," a graceful and harmonious composition, far removed from a mere studio tour-de-force.

In the first of the First Floor Galleries "neo-realists," "post-impressionists," and other weird products of latter-day decadence, have been allowed to disport themselves, with rather appalling effect. Mr. Harold

Gilman's "Norwegian Interior" may pass muster—it is at least intelligible, though we can hardly imagine that Miss Sylvia Gosse will feel flattered by her portrait from the hand of the same artist. But by what possible mental processes Mr. Alfred Wolmark has arrived at such a conception as his "Creation" we find it hard to imagine—a full-length nude, bright pea-green with a rough crimson line down one side to suggest light, but too dark to do anything so natural. To term it ridiculous is to describe it but mildly. In justice to the painter, however, we must admit also that it is by no means the craziest thing in the room—there are works there by other hands which throw its eccentricities into the shade. Mr. Wolmark's work has at least the merit of being more or less recognisable in drawing. It is a relief to pass to Miss Alice Fanner's sea-pieces, in which every passing mood of sea and sky is lovingly and exactly caught. Mr. Graham Robertson shows us what he can do when he puts eccentricities aside, in "Ragwort," a delicate bit of woodland landscape, full of warmth and atmosphere, which sets us wondering why he should

—desire at any time
To vary from the kindly race of men.

There are other good pictures in this room by E. M. Heath, Lucien Pissarro, A. Ludovici, and others; but we must pass on.

In the Second Gallery there are more works by artists whom we have already referred to, Miss Fanner, Mr. W. G. von Glehn, and others—all worthy of them; Mrs. von Glehn also contributes a couple of excellent sketches inspired by the same Spanish scenes as that of her husband. The Third Gallery is dominated by a number of strange productions from Mr. Augustus John, marked by much cleverness and power of draughtsmanship, but also by not a little deliberate eccentricity, which fails to justify itself either by developing greater realism or by suggesting fresh ideas. For ourselves we could only marvel that a painter who does so well cannot do much better. There is a pretty and characteristic Arnesby Brown, a group of cattle in rich pastures such as his admirers have seen many times these many years, but which are so good that one hardly tires of them; and Mr. Wilson Steer gives a restful picture of "Boats BeCALmed, Evening"—a fascinating little poem in idea and expression. The Second Floor is given up to water-colours, pastels, and black-and-white drawings, among which many of the same artists figure as in the lower rooms, and many of which are of considerable merit. Of these we can only mention Mr. Douglas Wells' "Sur le Pont d'Avignon"; Mr. Fullwood's "Butley Ferry"; Miss Muriel Fewster's "Richmond Castle"; and Miss Ada Dressler's "The Mill Pond, Swanage."

Lord Suffield particularly desires it to be known that his book, "My Memories," was edited by his friend, Miss Alys Lowth, to whom he is under very deep obligations for her invaluable help.

Mr. Rackham's Illustrations and Paintings at the Leicester Galleries

MR. ARTHUR RACKHAM'S unique genius has seldom, we think, since the days of Peter Pan, found a happier hunting-ground than among the old Nursery Rhymes, his illustrations to which form this year's exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. The old nursery rhymes have stood many an illustrator in good stead, but the delightful child world which Mr. Rackham has created is far the most interesting thing that has happened to them since Kate Greenaway's book was published, now a good many years ago. It is a world at once more natural and more mysterious than that bounded by the trim hedges of the earlier "Mother Goose." It is full of humour, too, for certainly no one but the very seriously grown-up could see "Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee, The fly has married the bumble-bee," without laughing outright; and there are many others which are nearly, if not quite, as amusing—"The Farmer's Wife," with a Caldecott energy of movement, for instance, and the "Old Woman with her smiling pig." Nevertheless, one feels regretfully that as a whole the book for which these pictures are illustrations will fall short of perfection because of the inclusion of a number of sketches like the "Little Jack Horner" and "To market, to market," evidently done swiftly and certainly inferior to the kind of work which has made Mr. Rackham famous. On the other hand, "Ring a ring-a-roses" and "Rain, rain, go to Spain," are as delicate and full of character as Mr. Rackham's art can make them. The variety of the work shown makes the exhibition specially interesting, and this is not confined to the "Mother Goose" illustrations. There is an exquisite little picture called "Shades of Evening"—a brown and black landscape with fairy figures flying along the clouds. "The Frog Prince and the King's Youngest Daughter," too, is one of the loveliest in colour and delicacy of touch; and finally there are such things as "Michaelmas Daisies," "After Dark," with a sleeping fairy and a mouse or two, and goblins, elves and sprites of all kinds which seem rather to have sprung to life than to have been drawn with a pen.

In the adjoining gallery is a collection of paintings in oil by Mr. Alfred Withers and Miss (or Mrs.) Isabelle Dods-Withers. The same scenes and places form the subjects of both painters, and it is interesting to trace the mutual influence of two different points of view. On the whole, while both are individual, that of Miss Dods-Withers has been the stronger, and she has done some really artistic work. Two such paintings as "Morning, San Gimignano," and "The Two Towers, San Gimignano," for example, may be taken as showing in a very interesting way two diverse impressions of the same scene, the very likeness of the methods of working tending to bring out the essential differences. For Miss Dods-Withers seems always to paint what she feels of the spirit and past history of a place—"The Monastery of St. Francis" and "On the Arno at Capraja" are full of this kind of interest and feeling—while Mr. Withers'

swifter impressions of walls, however broken, and houses, however crumbling, belong always to the present. "The Lake of Trademene" and "Old Houses, Castelnovo," are perhaps the best of Mr. Withers' works, but "Looking to the Carrara," "Old Houses, Pont-en-Royans," and a few others by Miss Dods-Withers, with "On the Arno" and "The Monastery" mentioned above, have a quality and individuality more rarely found.

In Fiord-Land—VIII

BY W. H. KOEBEL

AT the end of the last chapter I mentioned that we observed a haystack sailing through the air. This, for your benefit, is one of the tricks of the trade of us sensational writers. We mention, quite casually, an apparent miracle such as this, and then, before we come to the explanation, we find that our available space is at an end! After all this interval, the elucidation of the mystery may sound tame. Nevertheless, it has to come.

The fact is, of course, that this haystack did not really float through the air at all. The thing was no more than a gigantic species of conjurer's trick. We saw through it afterwards, when we looked more closely. From a point halfway up the mountain from the valley beneath stretched an uncommonly long line of wire. It was down this that the hay had come. The affair was, in reality, an aerial harvest home!

Afterwards we discovered that these wires served more purposes than this. Seeing that the cattle were enjoying their accustomed summer outing on the mountains, milk-carts would have been inadvisable, even had such things existed. As it was, the milk would come down to the lower earth by wire. First would come a packet of hay, which settled itself in soft preparation on the dumping place. After this would follow the milk-cans, one after the other, coming to rest without harm on the hay-cushion. The rustic may occasionally be vacant-eyed and of a woolly substance as to his head. But not, I think, here in Norway. For practical enterprise, commend me to this land of mountains and wire!

Having concluded with our remarks and ejaculations concerning the aerial hay, we went on down the road, its hedgerows thickly dotted with wild raspberries, until we came to one of those fascinating little orchards which we had already remarked in the distance. As a mere fruit garden it was unpretentious. It held cherries, red-currants, and gooseberries, nothing beyond. But the cherries were of the most perfect scarlet; the red-currants glowed as they seldom glow elsewhere, and, as to the gooseberries, they were as clear and as firm and as plump—but here I must stop, lest the description is mistaken for that of some enthusiastic mother's very young baby. The moral—I speak, of course, concerning fruit—seems to be that

if the Norwegian climate is content to produce comparatively little, it is determined to do that little well.

It was during this—some might name it an excursion, but I prefer to call it a walk—that we saw our ideal Norwegian church. The delightful wooden, white, spired building rested in the centre of a grove of trees on the shore of a bay. Thus the structure was delicately guarded by the dappling leaves, lit up with the rowanberries, foxgloves, harebells and meadow-sweet, and reflected in the still blue waters of the fiord. Nothing more peaceful could be imagined. At the side of the church were grassy, flowery graves. Had a corpse turned in its coffin—as they sometimes threaten to do—the sound of that alone would have shattered the stillness. Presently we could stand it no more, and spoke. We told each other—and, incidentally, the startled neighbourhood—that we would see this place on the next Sunday morning.

Church-going is always a picturesque ceremony on a fiord. We had read and seen pictures of the craft, bearing the worshippers, taking their Sabbath sails across the placid waters. And what spot in all Norway could be more favoured for such a sight than this! Why break the thread? Let us pass on, if at the cost of several days, to the following Sunday! We had ascertained the hour of service, and we approached the spot with an unusual degree of pleasurable anticipation. It was as silent and peaceful as ever. The church door was not yet unlocked; the waters were still innocent of approaching craft, and no wheels had so far sounded along the road.

The five of us disposed ourselves in soft clumps of ferns, and waited. There is no need to spin out this episode. We continued to wait. Nothing occurred. The service on that Sunday, we discovered on our return, was held at Ostersö, half a dozen miles away. Nevertheless, as each of us separately explained to the rest, that was not our fault. We had done our part. We had gone to Church. But the Church had gone elsewhere. *Voilà tout!*

In the evening we were comforted by an unexpected event. The kindly land of Norway was determined to compensate us for our loss of local colour. So it produced a new steamer. I say a new steamer with intent since we had become accustomed to those dainty little craft which came puffing once or twice a day in order to set down a passenger or two, or take some others away. But this was different.

We were sipping afternoon tea on our own private and delightfully spacious balcony when this steamer appeared. At Norheimsund steamers had a rather dramatic way of arriving. You would catch sight of a couple of masts moving behind the island, and then the steamer would leap out into the open, as suddenly as though it had been playing hide-and-seek.

This one was arriving in this same accepted fashion. Yet she was different from her predecessors, the ordinary passenger steamers. She was larger and more crowded. As she came sweeping up to the little pier, and we, as usual, were blinking—at Norheimsund on

such occasions we always blinked in some not unnatural dread, since it was invariably difficult to realise that the bows of the craft, instead of stopping at the pier, would not come straight on across the few intervening yards, and so directly into our balcony—we heard the sound of music on board. She was, in short, a Norwegian tripper-boat with Norwegian tourists on board.

Now, judging by this specimen, the ethics of a Norwegian tripper-boat must not be confused with those of the craft which ply along our own Southern Coast. Neither nutshell nor single drop of gingerbeer lay upon her deck; no chorus rent the air, and the waist of no single girl was casually encircled by a male arm! It was, I admit, a tame scene by contrast. Even the soft strains of the string orchestra sounded with a peculiar diffidence. No, they do these things differently in Norway. The affair might have been a private party.

It was in the evening that all became spiced with bubbling life. Then the string orchestra descended from the steamer and took up its position on the little pier. Groups began to collect—in the same sort of peculiar instinctive way, I suppose, as the hawks gather about the carcase of a sheep. The instinct that brought out the hotel guests attracted the waitresses and the inhabitants from near by; then came the steamer passengers—and, finally, every soul upon the earth within reach.

Presently the band struck up, and we had a glimpse of the real democratic Norway, where Jack is really and truly every bit as good as his master—in play hours. The grave young hotel *portier* in uniform was dancing with the hotel guests and the steamer passengers alternately, as was the *chef* of the boat, spotless in his white cap and clothes. The brilliant national dress of the hotel attendants was swaying in the arms of passengers and residents, while the captain of the craft was dancing with his own stewardess, and with everyone else in turn.

It sounds quaint, of course, and I must confess that it looked quaint. Beyond this there was nothing curious about the business. As a matter of fact, there was nothing more natural in the world. They could all dance; the manners of all were equally good, and they met on absolutely common ground and equal terms. If they should not dance together, who should?

It was past twelve before the steamer prepared herself for departure. Perhaps she had chosen the short dark hour for that purpose with intent. At all events she burst out into a sudden paroxysm of fire and noise, and sent rockets and Roman candles hurtling into the air. Then her lights disappeared behind the island, and Norheimsund went to sleep.

Mr. Frederick Harrison has arranged, in conjunction with Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Michael Faraday, to give an extra *matinée* of "Within the Law" every Thursday at the Haymarket Theatre, beginning this week, at 2.30 p.m. This will be in addition to the usual Wednesday and Saturday *matinées*.

Notes and News

Messrs. John Long, Ltd., will shortly publish a new novel entitled "The Elusive Wife," by R. Penley, author of "The Turn of the Tide," etc., and a novel entitled, "The Vaudevillians," by an anonymous author, dealing with the art of the music-hall.

Arthur Rackham's "Book of Pictures," which was announced by Mr. Heinemann for November 6, owing to the large demand for copies was postponed to November 13. On that day appeared Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore's new book, "The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou."

This week Messrs. Bell publish "Richard Wagner, Composer of Operas" (10s. 6d. net) by John F. Runciman, a critical study of personality and achievement which should do much to establish in England a really just estimate of the great musician. The same firm issues a new book by Mrs. Pember Reeves, entitled "Round About a Pound a Week" (2s. 6d. net.).

Sir Herbert Tree has given practical expression to his views by instituting the "Sir Herbert Tree Elocution Scholarship" at the Mayfair School of Music. The scholarship provides for one year's tuition with Mr. Bassett Roe, a member of the School's professional staff, who is also one of the leading members of the company at His Majesty's Theatre.

Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan), whose "Irish Poems" are to appear shortly, has also made a selection of Irish poetry, which will be issued this season under the title of "The Wild Harp." This will be a handsome volume, with decorations in the ancient Celtic style by Miss E. M. Watts—a binding design, a coloured title-page, and tinted borders to every page. Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson are the publishers of both volumes.

The discussion aroused some months ago over the purchase for the National Gallery of Holbein's famous portrait, "Christina of Denmark," has drawn attention to that Princess, and this moment is chosen by Mrs. Ady for the production of her biography. It is not generally known that Henry VIII was anxious to add Christina of Denmark to his series of wives; but that ambition was not realised. Mr. Murray will publish Mrs. Ady's volume in the course of a week or two.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week "English Travelers of the Renaissance," by Clare Howard, with twelve illustrations, at 7s. 6d. net. A sub-title to this book might be "The Grand Tour in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." Miss Howard shows the various purposes which travellers had in their minds in successive generations; how at one time they mainly pursued learning, at another the acquirement of the courtiers' arts, at another a kind of glorified athleticism, and latest of all, dilettantism.

Mr. Werner Laurie has just published "Goldwin Smith: His Life and Opinions," by Arnold Haultain, a biography drawn from life, and with innumerable intimate touches. Goldwin Smith as Oxford Professor, as a member of two Royal Commissions, as politician, historian, publicist, and *littérateur*, influenced many and left a deep mark upon his generation. Mr. Haultain

was his Secretary for eighteen years, and is now his literary executor. Besides a unity of narrative, much of the work consists of verbatim records of Goldwin Smith's conversation.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., have taken over from the receiver of Stephen Swift and Co. the stock and rights of the popular work by J. M. Kennedy, entitled "English Literature, 1800-1905," and propose shortly to issue a new edition at 6s. net. The old edition is still obtainable. The same firm announce a second edition of "The Ocean Empire: its Dangers and Defence," by Gerard Fiennes. This important and instructive work is well illustrated and contains a useful map. The original edition was published by Messrs. A. Treherne and Co.

This week Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd., of Bristol, will publish Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's book, "Memories of Charles Dickens" (12s. 6d. net). The author was fortunate in the personal friendship of the subject of his memoirs, and reveals more of the intimate side of Dickens than is to be gleaned from Forster. The book also contains reminiscences of the Dickens coterie, with pleasant anecdotes of Bulwer Lytton, Charles Reade, Forster, Carlyle, and a host of others. There are several illustrations, including a hitherto unpublished portrait of Dickens.

Mr. Jervis Read's setting for chorus and orchestra of Francis Thompson's "Dream Tryst" will be given by the London Choral Society at Queen's Hall on December 3 next. It will be repeated during March, 1914, at Queen's Hall, by the Edward Mason Choir, together with the same composer's setting of Mr. Sturge Moore's poem "That Land." Both works are published by Messrs. Ashdown, Ltd., and are scored for clarinets, bassoons, horns, drums, and strings. Mr. Jervis Read's setting of Maurice Hewlett's "To the Daughter of Earth" for mixed vocal quartett, string quartett, and pianoforte, will receive its first performance at the concert of the London String Quartett at the Bechstein Hall on January 23, 1914. The full score is being engraved by Messrs. Ashdown, Ltd.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BRITISH NAVAL POLICY IN THE PACIFIC.—III.

A CLOSE analysis of the political relations of China and Japan during the past few years, if we could afford the space in which to make it, would reveal the former ever on the defensive, the latter in a constant attitude of assertiveness. But diplomacy does not exhaust the influence of our Ally upon the political destinies of the Republic. Clandestine agencies are frequently employed. Thus, during the last revolution, the Southern insurgents were proved to have been given support and assistance by the Japanese, who have never ceased to regret the passing of the Imperial régime and the rise to power of so implacable an opponent as Yuan Shih-kai. It is, of course, impossible to bring home to the Government in Tokyo the charge of actual complicity in the matter; but to those who have any considerable knowledge of the country and its political

institutions, they are bound to lie under the suspicion of participation, if not of instigation. It is within the knowledge of the writer that Chinese statesmen, and the educated classes generally, are under no delusion either as to the aims or the methods of Japan. They know well that she is merely awaiting the most favourable opportunity, and that to create that opportunity she will, if necessary, resort to subtle and devious means not usually employed as an adjunct to diplomacy, before making a positive move of aggression with the sole object of extending her domains. And here is to be found one of the principal motives which underlie Japan's policy of armaments.

Her intentions, as far as China is concerned, have been shown to be anything but peaceful. Having, then, designs upon her neighbour's territories she must, when the proper time arrives, be prepared to overcome all opposition to the carrying out of those designs; and in this respect the enormous expansion of her Navy indicates clearly that she is providing against contingencies additional to those which might be expected from a purely Chinese resistance.

The question of Japanese expansion westward, however, does not fully explain away or justify the need for a navy of such huge dimensions. In what other direction, therefore, lie the ambitions of our Ally, or from what quarter does she anticipate menace? It is beyond the range of possibility that, single-handed, Russia will elect to meet her late adversary on the field of battle for many years to come. The completion of the Amur Railway and the strengthening of her position in Mongolia and Manchuria are certainly factors which wise statesmanship will not fail to take into consideration; but the Japanese, conscious of their strength on land and sea, and of Russia's naval impotence, can afford to watch and wait upon developments in Eastern Siberia, and, for the time being, serenely to ignore as a menace Russian potentialities in the Pacific. By the process of elimination, therefore, we are forced to the conclusion that it is mainly against the United States that Japan is arming on so gigantic a scale.

For years past the Japanese Government has repeatedly been obliged to give way before the determined opposition of the people of the Pacific coast on the question of Asiatic immigration. Hitherto the negotiations between Washington and Tokyo have resulted in "arrangements" whereby victory has fallen to the Americans, while the Japanese have retired in good order. That is to say, so far, actual diplomatic humiliation has been spared Japan. Such a state of affairs, however, cannot be expected to continue indefinitely. Compromise may be excellent as an expedient; but compromise which leaves all the advantages to the one disputant and all the disadvantages to the other, is a form of settlement possessing very dangerous limitations. After every recrudescence of anti-Asiatic agitation in California has been allowed to simmer down, and diplomatic acrimony has disappeared with the re-establishment of correct amenities, it would be idle to pretend that with easy resiliency Japan has recovered

her equanimity or forgotten her rebuff. On the contrary, not only the Government, but the people also, are harbouring a sullen resentment against America; and sooner or later they will put to the final test the issue as to whether Japanese subjects shall, without let or hindrance, be legally eligible to reside at will upon American soil. Therein do we find the great purpose of Japan's naval armaments. At all hazards she is resolved to force the world to a complete recognition of her equality—the equality of her people—among the nations. She knows quite well that between the humiliation of her present position and the realisation of her ambition lies the inexorable determination of Americans to shed their last drop of blood before they relinquish the ideal of a white America.

To attain her end, therefore, Japan is preparing for conquest. But first she must put her house in order. Before she is able to enter the lists with the United States, she must build up her finances even to the extent of furnishing a war-chest. How is this to be done? The trade and resources of the Empire as it exists to-day offer no certainty of national prosperity in the near future. By continuing the present scheme of excessive taxation—and the people, loyal enough in most matters, are crying out against the weight of the burden they are being compelled to bear—Japan may contrive to maintain the progressive standard which she has set herself in regard to sea power. But it is difficult to discover from whence she is to obtain that financial margin necessary if she is to wage war upon the United States. It is no light task that she has set herself, this ultimate assertion of Japanese nationality on the North American Continent. Indeed, she is well aware that, with the opening of the Panama Canal, America becomes automatically a great Pacific Power, whose ships, which have been built expressly for the preservation of American ideals and the defence of American interests, will be available for concentration against any descent from the West. If we look back upon her past history, we can conceive that her statesmen will be sorely tempted to retrieve their country's fortunes at the expense of China. To pick a quarrel with that country, to seize and hold valuable territory, and to obtain an indemnity would clearly offer a way out of the difficulty which at present opposes an almost insuperable obstacle in the path of Japan's imperial progress.

After nearly thirty years of unobtrusive but useful work in Toynbee Hall, the Elizabethan Literary Society has found a more central home at King's College, Strand, W.C. The nature of its aim is to foster a love of good literature, and it has enjoyed the generous support of many scholars of distinction. The thirtieth session has now begun, and forthcoming lectures are as follows: Dec. 10, 8 p.m., "Montaigne's Essays," by Thomas Secombe; Jan. 14, 1914, "London Place-Names in Tudor and Stuart Literature," by Wilberforce Jenkinson; and Feb. 11, "The Authorship of the Three Parts of Henry VI," by Charles Crawford.

MOTORING

BY general consent, the dominant and the most interesting feature of the Motor Show of 1914, which closes its doors to-day, is the advance made in the equipment of cars with self-starting—or, more accurately speaking, engine-starting devices operated by the driver without leaving his seat, to supplant the clumsy and archaic method of handle-turning which detracts so much from the ideal of motoring under perfect conditions. In America the fitment of these automatic engine-starters, in one form or another, has for some time been quite a common feature of even moderate-priced cars, and although we can justly claim to be well in advance of our Transatlantic friends in almost everything else appertaining to motor design and construction, in this particular matter we must admit that they have given us the lead. The self-starting idea is now, however, definitely fixed over here, and it seems almost safe to prophesy that by the time the next Show comes round the car which requires an external handle-turning operation before it will start will be looked upon as obsolete.

With so many magnificent specimens of workmanship to be seen at the Show, it may seem invidious to single out any one for special mention. But one may say without exaggeration that the new Sheffield-Simplex is as perfect an example of the highest achievements in motor-car design and construction as is to be found anywhere, and the makers are to be congratulated on the striking success of their efforts under the new régime. One of the best known of the motor expert critics sums up the general impression of this fine car in the following words: "I regard it as one of the best examples of motor construction and design to be found in any country." The chassis shown at Olympia is a splendid embodiment of strength, lightness, and accessibility, and even the novice in engineering matters cannot fail to be impressed with its cleanness of design and soundness of construction. A brilliantly successful future may confidently be predicted for the Sheffield-Simplex.

A curious position with regard to motor-cyclists has arisen as a result of the recent decision of the Divisional Court to the effect that the regulation applying to rear lights on motor vehicles applies equally to motor-cars and motor-cycles. In the Motor-Cars Use and Construction Order of 1904, which lays down the regulations with regard to the illumination of motor vehicles, there is a provision to the effect that the Order should not apply to any bicycle, tricycle, or other machine to which Section 85 of the Local Government Act of 1888 applies, and a circular issued by the Board at the time the Order was made stated that "the lamps on motor-cycles remain as heretofore regulated by Section 85 of the Local Government Act of 1888." The clear inference is that motor-cycles were exempt from the new legislation, and until the recent decision the question of rear lamps on these machines never arose. It appears that there is no appeal from the decision of the Divisional

Court, so that as things stand at present any motor-cyclist using his machine after lighting-up time is liable to prosecution and conviction. What the unfortunate user of the mechanically propelled two-wheeler is to do in the circumstances is not easy to see, inasmuch as no rear lamp suitable for use on a motor-cycle has ever been manufactured or devised. The Automobile Association and Motor Union, which includes over 25,000 motor-cyclists amongst its members, has taken the matter up with characteristic promptitude, and has addressed a letter to the L.G.B., pointing out the impossible position in which the thousands of motor-cyclists are placed, and also stating that in the opinion of its committee any lighted lamp at the rear of a motor-cycle would be impracticable for many reasons. In the first place there would be extreme difficulty in fixing; secondly, it would be impossible to keep such a lamp alight, owing to the inevitable vibration; and, thirdly, there would be grave danger of fire. The L.G.B. is giving the position its careful consideration, and in the meantime any motor-cyclist who may be threatened with a prosecution for not carrying a rear light is invited to communicate at once with the Secretary, Automobile Association and Motor Union, Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, London, W.

The Dewar Trophy for 1914 has been awarded by the technical committee of the R.A.C. to the 20-30 h.p. Cadillac, the award being based on the certificate of performance issued in connection with the 1,000 miles official trial recently undertaken to test the special Cadillac features—self-starting, lighting, ignition, and the two-speed back axle with its electrical change mechanism. As is generally known, the Dewar Trophy is awarded annually for what, in the opinion of the R.A.C. technical committee, is the most meritorious performance of the year in connection with motoring, and the distinction of securing it is highly prized in the industry. It is of interest to note that this is the second occasion on which the Cadillac car has been awarded the Trophy, the first being that of the "standardisation" test in 1908.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

AS I write these lines the tone of most markets appears a shade better. I say "appears." I lay great stress upon the word. Candidly, I see no genuine "bull" movement, nor any sign of one before the end of the year. Yet there is plenty of money in Great Britain—we have never been richer. Lord Goschen says we are suffering from financial neurasthenia. I presume that the disease is induced by excessive wealth. We certainly have got an attack of nerves. I am not surprised. Brazil, into which we have put huge sums of money, is in dire distress. Trade in the Argentine is dwindling. Mexico is on the eve of a terrible war. The Near East has just come through an unheard-of carnage. China is smouldering,

Japan is almost bankrupt. The outlook is not pleasant. It is possible that we may be much worse before we are better. There are many disagreeable things that can happen, but I will not particularise. One gets weary of pessimism—yet it is the only safe mood in falling markets. We must reverse the well-known Yankee tag. It is now the "pessimist who sees the doughnut and the optimist who gets the hole."

There have been various new issues. The Roumanian Government offer a $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Loan at 91, through Messrs. J. H. Schröder and Co., and the issue is made in England, Germany, Belgium, and Holland—not in France, however. The Bonds are reasonably cheap, but I should not call them a bargain. There is some talk of Roumania backing Greece if that country goes to war with Turkey. The Dunlop Rubber Co. offered 6 per cent. Prefs. at par with an option to subscribe for one ordinary share for every ten prefs. allotted. The Dunlop companies have done well sometimes, but their profits fluctuate, and the new shares cannot be considered better than a reasonable "spec." The West Australian Government offer one million 4 per cent. stock at 97. This is a Trustee security, and looks attractive, as the Bond interest is payable January 1 and July 1, and outsiders get six months' interest on January 1. Someone suggests that no trustee could part with this interest on the ground that it is actually a return of capital. But that is very far-fetched indeed. The Rangoon Trams offer 5 per cent. Bonds at 98. They are a fair security, but will naturally be a very poor market.

MONEY will keep hard. But the Stock Exchange got all it needed at a very reasonable rate, and if it were not for the persistent hoarding on the Continent, which has by no means come to an end, we should soon get cheap money. Next year it must come unless some war breaks out. And when it comes we shall not want it—for cheap money is a sign of bad trade.

FOREIGNERS.—Paris is a shade more cheerful, but the banks are not happy at all. They consider the outlook bad. The immense armaments are having a bad effect upon everybody. The increase in the length of service in France means the importation of foreign labour as young able-bodied Frenchmen will be serving their time. The National Loan may be at 86, and is promised for early in December. When it has been brought out and been over-subscribed, then the Near East issues will appear one after the other. The sooner they are out the better, for the public will then begin to believe in peace, which it does not do at the moment. The Reuter telegram from Japan, which deals with finance, was most disquieting. The big Railway Loan, which Europe must take if Japan is to continue solvent, is to be about £5,000,000 as a first instalment. I do not believe that the French will find a single penny, but the London banks will do their best to make the loan go here.

HOME RAILS.—The public is completely scared out of this market. Some fear labour troubles, and others are afraid of nationalisation. No one dare buy anything. All this is most foolish, as we shall find out one day, when the market begins to move and dealers wildly bid for stock. I do not say that it will happen this year. That I think impossible. But in 1914 I foresee a very active market in all Home securities, and especially Home Railways. Those who buy to-day are buying stocks fat with dividend.

YANKEES.—The selling appears to me overdue, but the bankers do not wish any "bull" movement this side of Christmas. They have got their crops to provide for. But in the New Year I think a rise must be engineered for almost all the roads need money, and enthusiasm must be aroused if the Bond issues are to be floated off successfully. Pennsylvania, a sound line, will make an issue. Erie

talks of a big blanket mortgage, as she has nearly seventy millions of short-dated notes and bonds falling due within the next five years. Atchisons say that they can get through without any financing, but Milwaukee and New York Central need money. Rocks have now gone more or less into the Phelps Dodge camp, and though the finance is peculiar, the crowd at the back is rich.

RUBBER.—The Kuala Lumpur report showed slightly decreased costs with sales at only 3s. 3½d., and a profit of only £89,224, a sad drop from £131,990 in 1912; the dividend has fallen from 65 to 40 per cent. The shares fell below 4. If the company can turn out 1,250,000 lbs. next year at 1s. 4d. cost and make 8d. profit this would enable the company to pay 20 per cent., or 5 per cent. on present price—a ridiculous return on a rubber share. Rubbers generally keep steady, but I can see no big rise, and I advise holders to clear out whenever they get the chance. It is now clearly seen that manufacturers will not use plantation if they can help it, and more effort must be made to get rid of the present system of coagulating by acid. This simply curds the rubber and destroys all those oils and juices which make fine hard-cured Para so valuable, and give it its tensile and keeping qualities. The *Stockbroker* has an article on this important subject which all holders of rubber shares should read. The position is most serious, and we have now been told the truth by one of the largest buyers of rubber in the world, Mr. Arthur Du Cros.

OIL.—Throughout the depression the oil market has kept hard and cheerful. Red Seas have at last been taken in hand. I doubt very much whether the Shell are actually buying. I should imagine that the old shop was rigging the shares. Schibaieff have again moved up, and look like going harder. Eastern Petroleums are to be put higher, and Maikop Premier have been screwed up. The profit here should be taken quickly. Shells, the best share in the market, are now hardening up.

MINES are dead flat. The Chartered proposals for a land scheme appear worse and worse the longer they are looked at. The Amalgamated Props. meeting did not move the shares. Kaffirs droop, and no one wants them any more. Diamonds are still flat, and must go lower, and Tintos have been very weak on the fire and strike troubles. I see nothing to go for in mines. They all seem in the doldrums. Any rise that may occur is caused solely by the buying back of "bears."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Humber report, though better, is not marvellous, and Darracqs have been weak in fear of another disappointment. Marconis have been very weak. The severe sentence of five years' suspension for three partners in the Heybourn and Croft firm has pleased everybody. It shows that the Committee is at last awake to the scandalous manner in which shares are rigged. No censure could be too severe. Reading Election was another nail in the Marconi coffin. Brazil Traction are weak, and no one knows what will happen here: queer rumours are afloat. Another public utility stock, Mexico Light and Power, has been heavily sold, and no one should hold either. The Coats dividend, though good, did not please the market.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

VIGNETTES OF INDIAN HISTORY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—While thanking you for your kindly review of my "Indian Historical Studies," may I be permitted to make a few observations on your remarks?

Your reviewer apparently thinks it would be difficult to

prove that India was a prosperous and well-organised country in the days of the Maurya and Gupta Emperors. I think the testimony of authors so diverse as Megasthenes and Hiuen Tsiang is fairly conclusive on this point. Megasthenes gives us the outlines of a scheme of government far more elaborate than the Civil Service of Imperial Rome at its best. Asoka's inscriptions agree with Megasthenes' in attributing to India in the third century B.C. an extraordinarily high degree of morality, sadly at variance, as Max Müller pointed out, to our traditional idea of the "lying, dishonest Indian."

As for my contention that India was once a great sea power, and that the embargo against crossing the "black water" is a recent one, I need hardly tell you that the Vedas and Jatakas abound in references to seafaring: that the latter work refers to merchants going to Babylon and to voyagers going far out of sight of land: and that extensive remains of vast Hindu colonies are to be found to-day in Java, Cambodia, Ceylon, and even Socotra? Eudoxus, the first Greek to sail to India (219 B.C.), was piloted by the crew of an Indian vessel, shipwrecked in the Red Sea.

Buddha is, I think (I write without books), still a Christian saint. Perhaps a Catholic reader would kindly correct me if I am wrong. He is "St. Josaphat," prince of India, whose saint's day occurs, I believe, in November. And there are many less worthy names in the calendar—St. George, for instance! (*Vide* Gibbon). I think there is a statue of St. Guisofato in Palermo Cathedral, unless my memory plays me false.

Ranjit Singh had some kingly vices, but if you knew something of the task he undertook you would put him on a very high level.

May I conclude by expressing a wish that English Conservative papers should refrain, if possible, from taking an unsympathetic attitude towards Indian aspirations, literature, art, and thought? The hostility we usually show to these subjects (and to the educated Indian and his aims, above all), has been a fatal blunder, as it has driven Indians very largely into the hands of a very undesirable class of people, who have no scruples about making political capital out of their very natural grievances. I am, etc.,

H. G. RAWLINSON.

TARIFFS AND ZOLLVEREIN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—May I be permitted to express, in your valuable columns, complete agreement with, and approval of, the explanation so lucidly given, in your issue of the 1st inst., of the bearing which the cost of the maintenance of the United Kingdom has upon the question of imports either from foreign countries or from our Colonies or dependencies. It is a point the neglect of which has interfered with clear enlightenment upon the tariff question. The explanation which Mr. Allen has so ably given is in conformity with the resolution carried in the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, in December, 1888, as follows:

Copy of a resolution placed before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce in December, 1888, and carried by an overwhelming majority in its favour:—"That in the opinion of this Chamber, all goods of a nature and kind which we ourselves produce, offered for sale in the markets of the United Kingdom, should pay that equal proportional share of the burden of Imperial and Local Taxation which they would have paid if produced or manufactured in the United Kingdom."

The motion had an adjourned meeting so as to allow full discussion.

At the present day there can be no question that according to accurate accounting the system of so-called "Free Trade" establishes protection for the foreigner and Colonial in the markets of the United Kingdom to the detriment and sacrifice of home production in the case of all articles in which there can be competition from overseas. Yours, etc.,

R. RALSTON BOYD.

Silverhill House, Torquay.

November 10.

THE LOVE STORY OF JAMES WOLFE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I am afraid mutual compliments will not affect facts, and gratitude to Mr. Morice Gerard for his generous appreciation of my "Life of Wolfe," cannot make me indifferent to a misquotation which suggests that I contradicted myself in my article in THE ACADEMY of November 1. I wrote: "He became deeply attached to Miss Lawson, the niece of Sir John Mordaunt to whom Mr. Gerard devotes a passage," and suggested that Mr. Gerard had overlooked Miss Lawson. Unfortunately I missed the significance of three words on one page, "with one exception." Mr. Gerard has consequently not wholly ignored Miss Lawson, but I am frankly amazed that he should seek to convict me of contradicting myself by quoting the sentence above, thus: "He became deeply attached to Miss Lawson . . . to whom Mr. Gerard devotes a passage." Mr. Gerard knows perfectly well he does not devote a passage to Miss Lawson, and I never said he did. I said he devoted a passage to Sir John Mordaunt, who was Miss Lawson's uncle. Having made a hash of his history he is not entitled to make a hash of my syntax, but of course I am quite sure he misinterpreted the sentence inadvertently, and perhaps the comma which is inserted after Mordaunt (a printer's touch, not my own) assisted his misunderstanding.

The other points in Mr. Gerard's letter invite more discussion than is really necessary when one is judging the verisimilitude of fiction. Yours truly,

EDWARD SALMON.

Buckhurst Hill, November 8.

DEPTFORD AND THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—We have been astonished to learn that a letter has been sent to the daily Press by the Deptford Chamber of Commerce, protesting against a "slander" presumed to have been cast upon their district of London by the present management of the Vaudeville Theatre.

The action of Mr. Hermon Ould's play, "Between Sunset and Dawn," takes place, it is true, in South London, partly in Deptford, partly in a neighbouring district; and three of its four scenes are placed in a common lodging house.

There are common lodging houses all over London: Kensington has twenty-two, Deptford only eight. In locating his play in South London the author has no intention to stigmatise a district, to imply that the Deptford common lodging houses are unusually rich in drama, or to suggest that the incidents of the play are especially characteristic of any one London borough.

The Deptford Chamber of Commerce is unduly sensitive. The borough, with its 110,000 inhabitants, is no more immune from drama than Camden Town from murders, or Kensington from burglaries. We are, yours faithfully,

NORMAN MCKINNEL.

Vaudeville Theatre, Nov. 10. FREDERICK WHELEN.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Thomas Hardy's Wessex.* By Hermann Lea. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Letters from the Wilderness.* By Kathleen L. Murray. (Thacker and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Plays by August Strindberg.* (Third Series.) Translated by Edwin Björkman. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
- Prose Dramas.* By Henrik Ibsen. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s. net.)
- The British Empire Universities Modern English Illustrated Dictionary.* Chief Editor, Edward D. Price. (The Syndicate Publishing Co. 10s.)
- Political and Literary Essays, 1908-1913.* By the Earl of Cromer. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
- The Measure of Our Thoughts.* By Reginald Lucas. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 5s. net.)
- The Future of the Theatre.* By John Palmer. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Future of the Women's Movement.* By H. M. Swanwick, M.A. With an Introduction by Mrs. Fawcett, LL.D. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Public Library Administration.* By Walter S. L. Rae. (George Routledge and Sons. 2s. 6d.)
- Clio, a Muse; and Other Essays, Literary and Pedestrian.* By George M. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)
- Threads of Grey and Gold.* By Myrtle Reed. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.)
- A Sea Anthology.* Selected and Illustrated by Alfred Rawlings. (Gay and Hancock. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Tears and Triumph.* By Dowell O'Reilly. (The Author, Lindfield, N.S.W. 1s.)
- The Place of English Literature in the Modern University.* By Sir Sidney Lee. (Smith, Elder and Co. 1s. net.)
- Municipal and Repertory Theatres.* By Henry Arthur Jones. (G. Bell and Sons. 6d.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- The Life of Florence Nightingale.* By Sir Edward Cook. Two Vols. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 30s. net.)
- The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton.* By his Grandson, the Earl of Lytton. Two Vols. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 30s. net.)
- Goldwin Smith, his Life and Opinions.* By Arnold Haultain. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 18s. net.)
- A Bookman's Letters.* By W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder and Stoughton. 4s. 6d. net.)

JUVENILE.

- Pioneers in South Africa.* By Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. Illustrated in Colour. (Blackie and Son. 6s.)
- Wonders of Transport.* By Cyril Hall. Illustrated. (Blackie and Son. 3s. 6d.)
- A Boy Scout in the Balkans.* By John Finnemore. Illustrated. (W. and R. Chambers. 5s.)

PERIODICALS.

- The Hungarian Spectator; Journal of the Imperial Arts League; Deutsche Rundschau; The Irish Review; Land Union Journal; The Author; Cambridge University Reporter; Bookseller; The Bibelot; Literary Digest; Wednesday Review; Cambridge Magazine; Publishers' Circular; Revue Critique; Revue Bleue.*